Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 1, 1891. NO. 40

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN Terms: $1.50 per Year

Jones will pay no freight on democratic consignments this year.

Representative Mills had the "gall" to tell the Ohio farmers that the tax on sugar ought to be restored. Well let the democratic House dare to pass a bill for its restoration.

President Polk of the National Farmer's Alliance keeps himself before the public by denying the numerous charges made against him. This may please Polk, but it does not help the Alliance any.

The housewife appreciates any invention which lightens her labors. Dougherty's New England Condensed Mince Meat enables her to prepare a complete and delicious mince pie in twenty minutes.

Mr. Flower says the nomination for the Governorship of New York was not sought by him. No: it was bought, and the price paid was a much greater one than the empty honor is worth, as Mr. Flower will fully realize ere he is two months older.

It is to be regretted that the opening to settlement and the occimation of the Oklahoma Indiana lands should have been stained by human blood; but it seems to have been one of those rare occasions when it is simply imposible to prevent a certain amount of trouble.

Democratic orators cannot, or rather dare not, deliver the same silver speech in New York and Ohio. Democracy never represents the same principles everywhere; its alleged principles are so elastic that they can be stretched to suit any idea that may take posession of a considerable body of voters in any section.

Never during its entire history has there been such an increase in the efficiency of the postal service as during the past twelve months, but it is to be made still better in the future. Republican ideas of administration are to keep up a perpetual striving towards perfection, and the result as shown by the official records, is a constant improvement in every branch of the Government as long as it is controlled by republicans.

The time has again rolled around when the county is assured that Tammany shall in New York city is about to be loosened, but after the fall electrion it will probably be found as usual that Tammany has not been scotched even in the slightest manner. Few people will deny that the machine rule of Tamnany Hall is injurions to the best interests of New York city, but it will certainly be continued as long as a majority of the voters, whether representing the best or the worst element, are cast in favor of Tamnany candidates. That a majority of the voters of New York city are either vicious or corrupt does not alter the result.

There is a dispostion in some quarters to make a scape-goat of Minister Egan because of the defeat of the Balmaceda party in Chili, just as though that official had anything to do with bringing about the result. It seems that it might be just as well to wait until some more serious charge than a failure to guess the ending of the Chilian civil war shall be brought against Minister Egan before his recall is demanded. This is specially commended to that class of republican editors which occasionally get "rattled" over some silly and absurb democratic charge against a republican official. If Mr. Egan or any other official, no matter what his politics may be, shall at any time be found guilty of neglect or inefficiency he should be instantly dismissed, but fair-minded jurors do not convict without proof of neglect.

Just about the time Mr. Mills was delivering his first "calamity wail" in Ohio, in which he enlarged upon the miserable condition of the farmers and the discontent of the laboring masses because of lack of employment the shippers in New York were exerting every ingenuity to find laborers enough to load the grain raised by American farmers on steamships bound for Europe, a work which is now going on night and day. And in that it would be impossible for us to sell our surplus grain product to Europe unless we took the manufacture products of Europe in exchange for it. Either he is losing his mind or he takes the Ohio people for idiots. We are now shipping grain as fast as it can possibly be done to Europe, and we are receiving gold for it. When a man makes such deliberate misstatements how can anyone place any confidence in anything he may say.

Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for in the Postoffice Sept. 28 1891.

Minnie Davison; Kantz Verdilla; (2) Edward Tindsay; James M Mayers; Miss Edith Mayers; G A. M. Nicol: M. B Runkle.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Sep. 28, 1891.

The president is taking his own time about making the important appointments which he has had under consideration since his return to Washington and the consequence is that the guesser is working the situation for all it is worth. One of the largest guessers is that Commissioner of Pensions Raum will shortly resign and ex-Senator Blair be appointed to succeed him; another is that Attorney-General Miller will remain in the Cabinet and Hon. John M Butler, of Indiana, an old friend of the President, will receive the appointment to the vacant place on the Court of Claims and still another is that ex-Representative McCormas has finally and positively declined to become a member of the Civil Service Commission. There are others-hundreds of them, but these will do for specimens. The fact of the matter is that the President is keeping up his reputation for letting the other fellows do the talking until he has finally made up his mind. He knows that there is no special need of his hurrying in making the appointments he is now considering and true to the policy he has followed from the first day he entered the White House, he will carefully weigh the merits and claims of all and appoint the best man, all things considered, to be had.

Secretary Foster expects to leave some time this week for Ohio, where he proposes taking an active part in helping to add to Major McKinley's majority and to the election of a republican legislature, and no one can talk to him for five minutes on the subject without becoming convinced that his enthusiastic confidence will be an important factor in the campaign.

It is a noticeable fact that although there is only one democratic appointment in sight the successor to the late W. L. Bragg, of Alabama, on the Interstate Commerce Commission—there are as many prominent democratic callers at the White House as there are republicans, and nearly all of the democratic callers, which include Senators, Representative and Justice of the Supreme Court, want a different man appointed. Representative Culbertson, of Texas, is now the favorite, outside.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker has, at the request of Postmaster Johnson, of Baltimore, directed the Chief of the inspection service to make a searching investigation of the charges, contained in a report made by Civil service Commissioner Roosevelt some time ago, of violations of the Civil Service law. Mr. Johnson is confident that he can prove that Mr. Roosevelt was mistaken in the conclusions he arrived at.

Capt. Fisher, Chief Clerk of the Pension Bureau was stricken with paralysis while at his desk Saturday morning. This is the second similar attack he has had.

The Treasury department is still receiving 4½ percent bonds for extension as well as for redemption. Up to the close of business Saturday the total amount presented for extension at 2 per cent had reached $25.047,850 and for redemption $17,225,850. None of these bonds can be extended after October 1.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, is in town. He says there is no doubt in his mind about the republicans carrying all of the northwestern States next year. Speaking for his own immediate section he said: "This administration has favored our section in almost every important matter and antagonized it in none. Under it our lead-silver mines have been protected and as a natural sequence mining industries have been stimulated to profitable activity. The administration of the general land office has been most satisfactory to the settlers, and our postal facilities are in better shape than ever before. We secured statehood under this administration and we feel that it has been friendly and considerate to us in the extreme. It is strange that we should have every confidence in it? It is true that Mr. Harrison does not exactly suit us on the silver question, but he comes as near to it as any Presidential possibility, and I think we can win next year easier with him than with any one else.

The annual report of Commissioner Carter of the General Land Office has been submitted to Secretary Noble. It makes an excellent showing, and puts in a strong argument for storage reservoirs for irrigating purposes.

A Good Nickel.

Several months ago we made reference to the fact that a gentleman of Bellefonte had found what he believed to be a vein of black lead. Now, however, since the mineral has been fully analyzed and tested it is found that instead of black lead as at first believed it proves to be a far more valuable material, being nothing more nor less than a very fine quality of nickel ore. The gentleman who made the find keeps the location of it a secret, but he assures us that he has prospected on the place and he is satisfied that the ore abounds in very good paying quantities. Why not organize a company, purchase the secret of the location of the ore from the man who found it and then put up suitable machinery and go to mining nickel. Surely there will be money in such an investment for anybody.

WANTS THE LIGHT TURNED ON.

EDITOR DAILY NEWS:

Will you permit me the privilege of making a few statements through the columns of your paper to the taxpayers of Bellefonte, in answer to an article published in the daily *Gazette* of September 26th, showing other statements of indebtedness against the overseer department of the borough, and in addition a number of other questions propounded for information. In the first place I wish to state that I am not responsible to any charges or figures that may be published in the *Gazette*.

In order to insure a speedy and correct answer to all these questions and charges, if the combination from whom the information on which the article was based, will please sign the name so that I may know if I have a responsible party to deal with, I will answer the question and meet the charges most cheerfully, if the following is complied with:

First, will the *Gazette* state where it got the $500 item in favor of James Schofield.

Second, will John M. Keichline state who the $37 of taxes are for?

Third, what Rowe & Bros, book account is for?

Fourth, what the Danville Asylum account of $500 is for?

Fifth. From when and to when does the $175 rent item run?

In conclusion I wish to state that all my accounts with the borough will shortly be turned over to the borough auditors, as it is not my purpose to stand in the way of the light being turned on. And now come on with your Neal order racket as you have said you would do.

JAMES SCHOFIELD.

Robinson the Winner.

The Convention of the State League of Republican Clubs which met at Scranton on Thursday elected John Robinson, of Delaware county, President of the State League. Only one vote was taken with the following result:

Robinsen was elected on the first ballot. The vote was, Robinson, 141; Dalzell, 42; Warren, 15.

The roll call had hardly commenced when a scene of great excitement was caused by throwing out of the votes of Delamater Guards, of Pittsburg, for not paying their dues. Two colored men insisted that the dues had been sent to President Stuart and took issue with the chair when it said that the dues had never been received. The announcement that Robinson had received 141 votes, Dalzell forty-two and Warren fifteen, created wild applause. Dalzell moved to make the election unanimous, and this was seconded by Chris. Magee and Major Warren. Dalzell was at once called to the platform and made a long speech.

E. M. Randolph, of Allegheny, was elected Secretary, James E. Burke, of the same county, retiring in his favor; Mahlon H. Young, of Philadelphia, was elected Treasurer; William Linn, of Philadelphia, was appointed Corresponding Secretary; Wallace Carter and Frank Jones, of Philadelphia, were chosen Vice Presidents; William H. McCleary, of Allegheny, and Captain John Taylor, of Philadelphia, were elected Delegates-at-Large to the National Convention. The alternates are Samuel C. Green, of Allegheny, and Howard Hawley, of West Chester.

A resolution was adopted that hereafter clubs must be in existence six months before they can apply for admission to the League. The customary resolutions of thanks were adopted and the convention stood adjourned.

HE DIDN'T ESCAPE.

On Tuesday evening the prisoners in the county jail were left out into the yard to get some fresh air and amuse themselves for a half hour or so. When the sheriff and his deputy were not looking one of the prisoners named Mayes, the follow who did the shooting in Snow Shoe, by some means or other managed to climb to the top of the wall evidently bent on escaping. He had already swung himself over and was just in the act of jumping when he was discovered by some women on the other side of the street. They ran toward him shouting "get back," while one of the number ran to tell the Sheriff. This frightened Mayes and he crawled back. Had it not been for the timely intervention of the women the prisoner might have been a "goner;" but it is safe to say he will not soon again be allowed to go out alone for fresh air.

THE ASYLUM LOCATED.

THE COMMISSION SELECT A SITE IN THE EASTERN PART OF THE STATE.

The commission appointed to locate a site for the new state asylum for the chronic insane has forwarded its report to Governor Pattison favoring the selection of a tract of land near Wernersville, nine miles west of Reading. By the provisions of the act creating the commission, its report must meet with the approval of the Governor and the State Board of Charities before the site is finally determined. It will in all probability receive such sanction and it may be taken as almost settled that Wernersville will capture the prize.

Of course a veto of the commission's recommendation is possible, and it has not rendered a happy solution to the question submitted.

It is said that the three eastern members of the commission, Messrs. Barker, Dechert and Storm voted for Wernersville; Dr. Curwen favored Bellefonte; and Mr. Reynolds urged the selection of a site east of Bellwood and only six miles from Tyrone. Dr. C. C. Wiley, of Pittsburg, and other prominent experts, who believe the west central part of the state entitled to the new institution, were untiring in advocating the Bellwood site, and they will probably press the claims of this site against the recommendation of the majority of the commission.

If the new asylum were intended to receive original patients the argument for the Bellefonte location could not have been so lightly regarded, as this point is just central in the part of the state now lacking an institution of the kind. There are asylums at Harrisburg and Norristown in the southeast, Danville in the northeast, Warren in the northwest and Dixmont in the southwest. The west central part of the state is without adequate facilities in caring for its insane. As a site for a sixth hospital for the acute insane the Bellefonte location could not be surpassed.

But the new institution will not receive original commitments. It is intended only to relieve the other hospitals which are overcrowded and its inmates will be secured by drafts from the other five asylums of the state, receiving only patients who have been insane at least one year. The majority of the commission therefore favored a site in the centre of a triangle geographically formed by Norristown, Harrisburg and Danville, thus making the new location "accessible" from three of the five state hospitals.

The Wernersville location is not, however, a well chosen one to relieve the Warren and Dixmont asylums. Indeed far from being "accessible," in the meaning of the act, it is ridiculously inconvenient.

Only such a central point as at Bellefonte could be a truly equitable selection. The commission was not constituted to appreciate this fact. Had it been so constituted, Philadelphia would not have had two members and the important cities, Pittsburg and Allegheny, would not have been unrepresented.

A happy disposition of the question, perhaps not previously suggested, might be to transform the Harrisburg hospital into a retreat for the chronic insane to satisfy the requirements of the act of assembly, and then locate a new institution for original commitments at Bellefonte to take the place of the present asylum for the acute insane at Harrisburg. The capital city would then be readily accessible from all five of the state hospitals for original commitment, and these five hospitals would adequately and conveniently supply an asylum for the northwest, southwest, northeast, southeast and centre of the state.

An Explicit Denial.

Harrisburg, September 28.—Auditor General McCamant was again placed upon the stand when the legislature committee resumed its investigation of the auditor general's and state treasurer's departments to-night. He sat near his counsel and answered all questions propounded by Fow. He flatly denied that he had ever recieved any checks from Bardsley; that he had ever shared in any newspaper rebates; that he ever had any conversation with any person before the advertisements were given out as to the price to be paid; that he visited Bardsley's office July 11, 1890. He was then sick. That his letter to Bardsley referring to the contest of the appointment of newspapers merely showed that he was anxious to control it for its political patronage that the "burn this letter" postscript was written because he did not want the letter to fall into the hands of people he had criticised; that he had no control whatever over the issuance of school warrants and merely inquired about it to oblige Bardsley.

He said he sent Bardsley $150,000 on the personal property tax because the city was represented as needing it, and further more that the controller's report shows the money was not embezzled. He wrote to Bardsley about the Keystone bank because he knew it was a city depository and feared the state funds were there; that the $10,000 investment in Lehigh Nalley bonds was never consummated.

There was a partisan wrangle over permitting the attorney general to participate in the committee's investigations which finally resulted in an invitation being extended the attorney general to be present to-morrow and to indicate the witnesses he desired to have called. The attorney general stated that for more than thirty years Philadelphia city treasurers had been in arrears during their terms.

Much of the examination of McCamant to-night was a repetition of former examinations and nothing new was elicited. Corporation Clerk Glenn was called, but added nothing to what has heretofore been developed. The committee will meet to-morrow morning.

PENNSYLVANIA BUILDING.

At the last meeting of the World's Fair commission of Pennsylvania the following resolution was resolved, that the Executive Commissioner be authorized to advertise for plans and specifications for a State Building, to be composed of steel, iron glass and timber, with slate or tin roof, and of Pennsylvania material, so far as practicable, at the World's Fair in Chicago the guarnteed cost of which shall not be less than $50,000, nor exceed $75,000, to be used as a headquarters and place for the exhibition of peculiarly State matters. The ground assigned is a level plot, which does not admit of stone foundations or basement, 250 feet in front and 150 feet in depth, and the building to be erected thereon is to be two stories in height, and to cover, exclusive of porches and verandas from 6,000 to 10,000 square feet—said verandas not to be less than 20 feet in width, and to surround, as nearly as possible, the entire building. The lower floor is to comprise a general reception room, an exhibition room, toilet rooms: ladies' room, etc.: the upper floor to contain offices, retiring rooms for committees, rooms press correspondents, etc. The competition will be confined to Pennsylvania architects. All plans and specifications submitted shall become the property of the Commission, if desired. One thousand ($1,000) dollars will be paid for the plan selected and adopted, five hundred ($500) dollars for the second, and three hundred ($300) doollars for the third choice. The Committee reserve the right to reject any or all plans. All plans to be forwarded to the Executive Commissioner at Harrisburg (of whom additional information can be had) on or before November 1st, 1891.

With Chemical And Ink.

Probably the most expert piece of note raising ever attempted has just been received at the treasury department in Washington, from Denver. It is in the form of a $1 silver certificate with the Martha Washington head, raised to a $10 national bank note. When the great difference in the designs on the two notes is taken into consideration, the work of the certificate raiser is indeed remarkable, and cannot be detected without close scrutiny.

The vignette of Martha Washington on the face of the certificate has been so reduced in shape that it is not visible except on close inspection, and over that the picture of Benjamin Franklin has been painted. All the heavy dark background of the vignette has been reproduced the counter in which are written the letters "Ten." On the right side of the face of the note the treasury number has been transformed into a die bearing the figure 10.

The geometrical lathe work on the right hand side of the face of the note has been transformed into the figure of a woman resting on the back of an eagle soaring above the clouds. The words "One Silver Dollar" on the geometrical die in the centre of the face have been cleverly changed to "Ten Dollars." On the back of the note the large figure 1 on either end have been removed, and by the skillful use of chemical and ink the note raiser has on the left hand produced an almost exact copy of the coat of arms of one of the western states, and on the right hand the eagle and flag, inclosed in an oval, which appears on this part of every national bank note.

DIED AT OAK HALL.

Mrs. James C. Gilliland died Sunday morning at two o'clock at her home in Oak Hall, Centre county, of heart failure, aged about forty-nine years. Deceased is survived by her husband and two children, and by five sisters and two brothers. The latter are Mrs. D. M. Clemson and Miss. Kate Gardner, of Pittsburg. Mrs. A. J. Mattern, of East Tyrone; Mrs. J. M. Goheen, of Tyrone; Mrs. Richard Kincaid, of Athens, Illinois. Wilson and Franklin Gardner, of Rock Springs. The funeral will take place Wednesday morning at ten o'clock from the late home of the deceased.

MILES OF FLAMES.

TIMBER LAND AND CROPS ARE BEING DEVASTATED

ST. PAUL, Sept. 23.—Terrific fires are now raging in Northwestern Minnesota, over $15,000 worth of timber land having been destroyed. Several houses and farm buildings have been burned, and the owners obliged to leave the devastated district. Two school houses were destroyed yesterday, the pupils barely escaping with their lives. The teachers bravely led their little bands to places of safety. The loss will amount to $700 an hour at the rate the fire is now raging, and it is useless to attempt to extinguish it. The flames are approaching Pine City, N. D.

Heavy timber fires are raging on the Red Lake reservation and near Malaca and Esterbrooks. A great Northern crew has been sent out on a special train to fight the flames. The county is sparsely settled, and the farmers are completely at the mercy of the flames. Matters have been made worse by a cyclonic storm near Alexandria. Nothwest of the town gigantic trees were broken like twigs and hurled into the lake and roads.

Farmers through North Dakota have suspended threshing operations, and all are busy forming fire breaks to protect their property. In some instances farmers have been careless, and in trying to protect their own property have started fires which have done great damage to others. Most of the fires so far started have been from this cause. The railroads are also taking every precaution to prevent spreading. This serves the double purpose of protecting the bridge and culverts of the road and preventing the lighting of fires by sparks from engines.

A dispatch from Hinckley, Minn., says: Forest fires are raging all around here and the village would have certainly been swept out of existence yesterday but for the heroic and untiring efforts of the fire company, which has been on duty continually for the last thirty six hours. The dense smoke and heat drove many of the citizens from their homes on the outskirts. A great quantity of hay has been destroyed and a number of cattle belonging to lumber lost.

THE PROPOSED UNICYCLE.

Some time ago a report appeared in the papers that a Massachussetts man had invented a unicycle, on which he could ride a mile a minute with ease. He boasted that he could beat the express train from Spring field to Boston, but he has never made good his boast and has been forgotten. A Connecticut man now comes out with an invention which he is confident will prove practical and a great success. The man is H. W. Loomis, of Southington, superintendent of the new department of the Southington Cutlery company.

His model is now being made by one of the largest bicycle manufactories in the country, which pronounce his plans thoroughly practical. In general appearance the machine is similar to those of the same class already familiar in theory. The idea is simplicity itself, being a regular safety machine, half inside a big wheel. The large outer wheel is 9 feet in diameter, and the inner circumference connected by spokes to the outer, is 8 feet in diameter. The driving wheel is 3 feet in diameter, and rides the big one a little beyond the centre, or point of contact with the earth, so that it is constantly climbing on the big wheel. The plan is that of a man walking inside of a big hoop, his weight, when thrown farward revolving the whole.

This friction revolves the big wheel at every revolution of the small one, and gives the increased speed and power. One wheel surface is concave and the other convex, with one surface of rubber. The operator rides a saddle inside the big wheel, over and somewhat near the driving wheel. The great speed can be easily figured. The big wheel has 27 feet circumference and the driving wheel 9 feet, so that by every turn of the small front wheel the machine is propelled twenty-seven feet. By applying the gear action, as in the common safety, the speed is greatly multiplied. A mile could easily be made in two minutes on a good road, and the speed of a mile a minute, if the operator wished to ride so fast. Mr. Loomis designs the machine for general utility, and not as a novelty in mechanics. He is confident that it will prove successful, and has the opinions of experts to support his own.

—On Saturday morning Harry Fisher, son of Mr. Ephraim Fisher, met with a most painful accident. He was riding one horse and went to pass close behind another one when the latter frightened and kicked hitting the boy just below the knee. The flesh was cut and bruised into the bone. The injury is a severe one though it is hoped and believed will not prove serious and that in a few days the boy will be able to be around again as usual. It was a fortunate thing that no bones were broken.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

best. I wonder Maisie doesn't feel that sometimes. But I can't order Bessie away. That's the worse of beginning things. One never knows where they stop."

One evening, after a sitting prolonged to the last limit of the light, Dick was roused from a nap by a broken voice in Torpenhow's room. He jumped to his feet. "Now what ought I to do? It looks foolish to go in. Oh, bless you, Binkie!" The little terrier thrust Torpenhow's door open with his nose and came out to take possession of Dick's chair. The door swung wide unheeded, and Dick across the landing could

She was kneeling by his side, and her hands were clasped across his knee.

began to describe the gray film in the studio.

"We all want a little patching and repairing from time to time," he chirped. "Like a ship, my dear sir—exactly like a ship. Sometimes the hull is out of order, and we consult the surgeon; sometimes the rigging, and then I advise; sometimes the engines, and we go to the brain specialist; sometimes the lookout on the bridge is tired, and then we see an oculist. I should recommend you to see an oculist. A little patching and repairing from time to time is all we want. An oculist, by all means."

Dick sought an oculist—the best in London. He was certain that the local practitioner did not know anything about his trade, and more certain that Maisie would laugh at him if he had to take to spectacles.

"I've neglected the warnings of my stomach too long. Hence these spots before the eyes, Binkie. I can see as well as I ever could."

As he entered the hall that led to the consulting room a man cannoned against him. Dick saw the face as it hurried into the street.

"That's the writer-type. He has the same modelling of the forehead as Torp. He looks sick. Probably heard something he didn't like."

Even as he thought, a great fear came upon him, a fear that made him hold his breath as he walked into the oculist's waiting room, with the heavy carved furniture, the dark-green paper, and the sober-hued prints on the wall. He recognized a reproduction of one of his own sketches.

Many people were waiting their turn before him. His eye was caught by a flaming red-and-gold Christmas carol book. Little children came to that eye doctor and they needed large-type amusement.

"That's idolatrous bad art," he said, drawing the book toward himself. "From the anatomy of the angels, it has been made in Germany." He opened it mechanically, and there leaped to his eyes a verse printed in red ink:

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three,
To see her good Son Jesus Christ
Making the blind to see;
Making the blind to see, good Lord,
And happy may we be,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
To all eternity!

Dick read and reread the verse till his turn came, and the doctor was bending above him, seated in an armchair. The blaze of a gas-microscope in his eyes made him wince. The doctor's hand touched the scar of the sword cut on Dick's head, and Dick explained briefly how he had come by it. When the flame was removed Dick saw the doctor's face, and the fear came upon him again. The doctor wrapped himself in a mist of words. Dick caught allusions to "scar," "frontal bone," "optic nerve," "extreme caution," and the "avoidance of mental anxiety."

"Verdict!" he said, faintly. "My business is painting, and I dare n't waste time. What do you make of it?"

Again the whirl of words, but this time they conveyed a meaning.

"Can you give me anything to drink?"

Many sentences were pronounced in that dark room and the prisoners often needed cheering. Dick found a glass of liqueur brandy in his hand.

"As far as I can gather," he said, coughing above the spirit, "you call it decay of the optic nerve, or something, and therefore hopeless. What is my time limit, avoiding all strain and worry?"

"Perhaps one year."

"My God! And if I don't take care of myself?"

"I really could not say. One cannot ascertain the exact amount of injury inflicted by the sword cut. The scar is an old one, and—exposure to the strong light of the desert, did you say?—with excessive application to fine work? I really could not say."

"I beg your pardon, but it has come without warning. If you will let me, I'll sit here for a moment, and then I'll go. You have been very good in telling me the truth. Without any warning—without any warning. Thanks."

Dick went into the street, and was rapturously received by Binkie. "We've got it very badly, little dog! Just as badly as we can get it. We'll go to the Park to think it out."

They headed for a certain tree that Dick knew well, and they sat down to think, because his legs were trembling under him, and there was cold fear at the pit of his stomach.

"How could it come without any warning? It's as sudden as being shot. It's the living death, Binkie. We're to be shut up in the dark in one year if we're careful, and we shan't see anybody, and we shall never have anything we want, not though we live to be a hundred." Binkie wagged his tail joyously. "Binkie, we must think. Let's see how it feels to be blind." Dick shut his eyes, and flaming commas and Catherine wheels floated inside the lids. Yet when he looked across the park the scope of his vision was not contracted. He could see perfectly, until a procession of slow-wheeling fireworks defiled across his eyeballs.

"Little dorgiums, we aren't at all well. Let's go home. If only Torp were back, now!"

But Torpenhow was in the South of England inspecting dockyards in the company of the Nilghai. His letters were brief and full of mystery.

Dick never asked anybody to help him in his joys or his sorrows. He argued, in the loneliness of the studio, henceforth to be decorated with a film of gray gauze in one corner, that, if his fate were blindness, all the Torpenhows in the world could not save him. "I can't call him off his trip to sit down and sympathize with me. I must pull through the business alone," he said. He was lying on the sofa eating his moustache and wondering what the darkness of the night would be like. Then came to his mind the memory of a quaint scene in the Soudan. A soldier had been nearly hacked in two by a broad-bladed Arab spear. For one instant the man felt no pain. Looking down, he saw that his life blood was going from him. The stupid bewilderment on his face was so intensely comic that both Dick and Torpenhow, still panting and unstrung from a fight for life, had roared with laughter, in which the man seemed as if he would join, but as his lips parted in a sheepish grin, the agony of death came upon him, and he pitched grunting at their feet. Dick laughed again remembering the horror. It seemed so exactly like his own case. "But I have a little more time allowed me," he said. He paced up and down the room, quietly at first, but afterward with the hurried feet of fear. It was as though a black shadow stood at his elbow and urged him to go forward; and there were only weaving circles and floating pin-dots before his eyes.

"We must be calm, Binkie; we must be calm." He talked aloud for the sake of distraction. "This isn't nice at all. What shall we do? We must do something. Our time is short. I shouldn't have believed that this morning; but now things are different. Binkie, where was Moses when the light went out?"

Binkie smiled from ear to ear, as a well-bred terrier should but made no suggestion.

"'Were there but world enough and time, this coyness, Binkie were no crime. But at my back I always hear——'" He wiped his forehead, which was unpleasantly damp. "What can I do? What can I do? I haven't any notions left, and I can't think connectedly, but I must do something or I shall go off my head."

The hurried walk recommenced, Dick stopping every now and again to drag forth long neglected canvases and old note books; for he turned to his work by instinct, as a thing that could not fail. "You won't do, and you won't do," he said at each inspection. "No more soldiers. I couldn't paint 'em. Sudden death comes home too early, and this is battle and murder both for me."

The day was falling, and Dick thought for a moment that the twilight of the blind had come upon him unawares. "Allah Almighty!" he cried, despairingly, "help me through the time of waiting, and I won't whine when my punishment comes. What can I do now, before the light goes?"

There was no answer. Dick waited till he could regain some sort of control over himself. His hands were shaking, and he prided himself on their steadiness; he could feel that his lips were quivering, and the sweat was running down his face. He was lashed by fear, driven forward by the desire to get to work at once and accomplish something, and maddened by the refusal of his brain to do more than repeat the news that he was about to go blind. "It's a humiliating exhibition," he thought, "and I'm glad Torp isn't here to see. The doctor said I was to avoid mental worry. Come here and let me pet you, Binkie."

The little dog yelped because Dick nearly squeezed the bark out of him. Then he heard the man speaking in the twilight, and, doglike, understood that his trouble stood off from him.

"Allah is good, Binkie. Not quite so gentle as we could wish, but we'll discuss that later. I think I see my way to it now. All those studies of Bessie's head were nonsense, and they nearly brought your master into a scrape. I hold the notion now as clear as crystal—the Melancolia that 'transcends all wit.' There shall be Maisie in that head, because I shall never get Maisie; and Bess, of course, because she knows all about Melancolia, though she doesn't know she knows; and there shall be some drawing in it, and it shall all end up with a laugh. That's for myself. Shall she giggle or grin? No, she shall laugh right out of the canvas, and every man and woman that ever had a sorrow of their own shall—what is it the poem says?—

"Understand the speech and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.

'In all disastrous fight'? That's better than painting the thing merely to pique Maisie. I can do it now because I have it inside me. Binkie, I'm going to hold you up by your tail. You're an omen. Come here."

Binkie swung head downward for a moment without speaking.

"Rather like holding a guinea pig; but you're a brave little dog, and you don't yelp when you're maltreated. It is an omen."

Binkie went to his own chair, and as often as he looked saw Dick walking up and down, rubbing his hands and chuckling. That night Dick wrote a letter to Maisie full of the tenderest regard for her health, but saying very little about his own, and dreamed of the Melancolia to be born. Not till morning did he remember that something might happen to him in the future.

He fell to work, whistling softly, and was swallowed up in the clean, clear joy of creation, which does not come to man too often, lest he should consider himself the equal of his God and so refuse to die at the appointed time. He forgot Maisie, Torpenhow, and Binkie at his feet, but remembered to stir Bessie, who needed very little stirring, into a tremendous rage, that he might watch the smouldering lights in her eyes. He threw himself without reservation into his work, and did not think of the doom that was to overtake him, for he was possessed with his notion, and the things of this world had no power upon him.

"You're pleased to-day," said Bessie.

Dick waved his mahlstick in mystic circles and went to the sideboard for a drink. In the evening when the exaltation of the day had died down, he went to the sideboard again, and after some visits became convinced that the eye doctor was a liar, since he still could see everything very clearly. He was of opinion that he would even make a home for Maisie, and that whether she liked it or not she should be his wife. The mood passed next morning, but the sideboard and all upon it remained for his comfort. Again he set to work, and his eyes troubled him with spots and dashes and blurs till he had taken counsel with the sideboard, and the Melancolia both on the canvas and in his own mind appeared lovelier than ever. There was a delightful sense of irresponsibility upon him, such as they feel who walking among their fellow men, know that the death sentence of disease is upon them, and, since fear is but waste of the little time left, are riotously happy. The days passed without event, Bessie arrived punctually always, and though her voice seemed to Dick to come from a distance, her face was always very near, and the Melancolia began to flame on the canvas in the likeness of a woman who had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it. It was true that the corners of the studio draped themselves in gray film and retired into the darkness, that the spots in his eyes and the pains across his head were very troublesome, and that Maisie's letters were hard to read and harder still to answer. He could not tell her of his trouble, and he could not laugh at her accounts of her own Melancolia, which was always going to be finished. But the furious days of toil and the night of wild dreams made amends for all, and the sideboard was his best friend on earth. Bessie was singularly dull. She used to shriek with rage when Dick stared at her between half-closed eyes. Now she sulked or watched him with disgust, saying very little.

Torpenhow had been absent six weeks. An incoherent note heralded his return. "News! great news!" he said. "The Nilghai knows, and so does the Keneu. We're all back on Thursday. Get lunch and clean

Bessie looked through the keyhole.

your accoutrements."

Dick showed Bessie the letter, and she abused him for that he had ever sent Torpenhow away and ruined her life.

"Well," said Dick, brutally, "you're better as you are, instead of making love to some drunken beast in the street." He felt that he had rescued Torpenhow from great temptation.

"I don't know if that's any worse than sitting to a drunken beast in a studio. You haven't been sober for three weeks. You've been soaking the whole time; and yet you pretend you're better than me!"

"What d'you mean?" said Dick.

"Mean! You'll see when Mr. Torpenhow comes back."

It was not long to wait. Torpenhow met Bessie on the staircase without a sign of feeling. He had news that was more to him than many Bessies, and the Keneu and the Nilghai were tramping behind him, calling for Dick,

"Drinking like a fish," Bessie whispered "He's been at it for nearly a month." She followed the men stealthily to hear judgment done.

They came into the studio, rejoicing, to be welcomed over effusively by a drawn, lined, shrunken, haggard wreck—unshaven, blue-white about the nostrils, stooping in the shoulders, and peering under his eyebrows nervously. The drink had been at work as steadily as Dick.

"Is that you?" said Torpenhow.

"All that's left of me. Sit down. Binkie's quite well, and I've been doing some good work." He reeled where he stood.

"You've done some of the worst work you've ever done in your life. Man alive, you're——"

Torpenhow turned to his companions appealingly, and they left the room to find lunch elsewhere. Then he spoke; but, since the reproof of a friend is much too sacred and intimate a thing to be printed, and since Torpenhow used figures and metaphors which were unseemly, and contempt untranslatable, it will never be known what was actually said to Dick, who winked and blinked and picked his hands. After a time the culprit began to feel the need of a little self-respect. He was quite sure that he had not in any way departed from virtue, and there were reasons, too, of which Torpenhow knew nothing. He would explain.

He rose, tried to straighten his shoulders, and spoke to the face he could hardly see.

"You are right," he said. "But I am right too. After you went away I had some trouble with my eyes. So I went to an oculist, and he turned a gasogene—I mean a gas engine—into my eye. That was very long ago. He said: 'Scar on the head—sword cut and optic nerve.' Make a note of that. So I am going blind. I have some work to do before I go blind, and I suppose that I must do it. I cannot see much now, but I can see best when I am drunk. I did not know I was drunk till I was told, but I must go on with my work. If you want to see it, there it is." He pointed to the all but completed Melancolia and looked for applause.

Torpenhow said nothing, and Dick began to whimper feebly, for joy at seeing Torpenhow again, for grief at misdeeds—if, indeed, they were misdeeds—that made Torpenhow remote and unsympathetic, and for childish vanity hurt, since Torpenhow had not given a word of praise to his wonderful picture.

Bessie looked through the keyhole after a long pause, and saw Torpenhow's hand on Dick's shoulder. Here it she said something so improper that it shocked even Binkie, who was dribbling patiently on the landing with the hope of seeing his master again.

CHAPTER IX.

The lark will make her hymn to God,
The partridge call her brood,
While I for—or the he—th I trod,
The fields whereon I stood,
'Tis duie to know not light from morn,
But deeper duie to know

It was the third day after Torpenhow's return, and his heart was heavy.

"Do you mean to tell me that you can't see without whisky? It's generally the other way about."

"Can a drunkard swear on his honor?" said Dick.

"Yes, if he has been as good a man as you."

"Then I give my word of honor," said Dick, speaking hurriedly through parched lips. "Old man, I can hardly see your face now. You've kept me sober for two days,—if I ever was drunk,—and I've done no work. Don't keep me back any more. I don't know when my eyes may give out. The spots and dots and the pains and things are crowding worse than ever. I swear I can see all right when I'm—when I'm moderately screwed, as you say. Give me three more sittings from Bessie and all the—stuff I want, and the picture will be done. I can't kill myself in three days. It only means a touch of D. T. at the worst."

"If I give you three days more will you promise me to stop work and—the other thing, whether the picture's finished or not?"

"I can't. You don't know what that picture means to me. But surely you could get the Nilghai to help you, and knock me down and tie me up. I shouldn't fight for the whisky, but I should for the work."

"Go on, then. I give you three days: but you're nearly breaking my heart."

Dick returned to his work, toiling as one possessed; and the yellow devil of whisky stood by him and chased away the spots in his eyes. The Melancolia was nearly finished, and was all or nearly all that he hoped she would be. Dick jested with Bessie, who reminded him that he was "a drunken beast;" but the reproof did not move him.

"You can't understand, Bess. We are in sight of land now, and soon we shall lie back and think about what we've done. I'll give you three months' pay when the picture's finished, and next time I have any work in hand—but that doesn't matter. Won't three months' pay make you hate me less?"

"No, it won't! I hate you, and I'll go on hating you. Mr. Torpenhow won't speak to me any more. He's always looking at mapthings and red-backed books."

Bessie did not say that she had again laid siege to Torpenhow, or that he had at the end of her passionate pleading picked her up, given her a kiss, and put her outside the door with a recommendation not to be a little fool. He spent most of his time in the company of the Nilghai, and their talk was of war in the near future, the hiring of transports, and secret preparations among the dock yards. He did not care to see Dick till the picture was finished.

"He's doing first-class work," he said to the Nilghai, "and it's quite out of his regular line. But, for the matter of that, so's his infernal drinking."

"Never mind. Leave him alone. When he has come to his senses again we'll carry him off from this place and let him breathe clean air. Poor Dick! I don't envy you, Torp, when his eyes fail."

"Yes, it will be a case of 'God help the man who's chained to our Davie.' The worst is that we don't know when it will happen; and I believe the uncertainty and the waiting have sent Dick to the whisky more than anything else."

"How the Arab who cut his head open would grin if he knew!"

"He's at perfect liberty to grin if he can. He's dead. That's poor consolation now."

In the afternoon of the third day Torpenhow heard Dick calling for him. "All finished!" he shouted. "I've done it. Come in! Isn't she a beauty? Isn't she a darling? I've been down to hell to get her; but isn't she worth it?"

Torpenhow looked at the head of a woman who laughed from out of the canvas as Dick had intended she should.

"Who taught you how to do it?" said Torpenhow. "The touch and notion have nothing to do with your regular work. What a face it is! What eyes and what insolence!" Unconsciously he threw back his head and laughed with her. "She's seen the game played out—I don't think she had a good time of it—and now she doesn't care. Isn't that the idea?"

"Exactly."

"Where did you get the mouth and chin from! They don't belong to Bess."

"They're—some one else's. But isn't it good? Isn't it thundering good? Wasn't it worth the whisky? I did it. Alone I did it; and it's the best I can do." He drew his breath sharply, and whispered: "Just God! what could I not do ten years hence, if I can do this now! By the way, what do you think of it, Bess?"

The girl was biting her lips. She loathed Torpenhow because he had taken no notice of her.

"I think it's just the horridest, beastliest thing I ever saw," she answered, and turned away.

"More than you will be of that way of thinking, young woman. Dick, there's a sort of murderous, viperine suggestion in the poise of the head that I don't understand," said Torpenhow.

"That's trick work," said Dick chuckling with delight of being completely understood. "I couldn't resist one little bit of sheer swagger. It's a French trick, and you wouldn't understand, but it's got at by slewing round the head a trifle, and a tiny, tiny forshortening of one side of the face from the angle of the chin to the top of the left ear. That and deepening the shadow under the lobe of the ear. It was flagrant trick work; but, having the notion fixed, I felt entitled to play with it. Oh, you beauty!"

"Amen! She is a beauty. I can feel it."

"So will every man who has any sorrow of his own," said Dick, slapping his thigh "He shall see his trouble there, and, by the Lord Harry, just when he's feeling properly sorry for himself he shall throw back his head and laugh, as she is laughing. I've put the life of my heart and the light of my eyes into her, and I don't care what comes. * * * I'm tired—awfully tired. I think I'll get to sleep. Take away the whisky, it has served its turn. Oh, and give Bessie thirty-six quid, and three over for luck. Cover the picture."

He was asleep in the long chair, his face white and haggard, almost before he had finished the sentence. Bessie tried to take Torpenhow's hand. "Aren't you never going to speak to me any more!" she said, but Torpenhow was looking at Dick.

"What a stock of vanity the man has! I'll take him in hand to-morrow and make much of him. He deserves it—Eh? what was that, Bess?"

"Nothing. I'll put things tidy here a little, and then I'll go. You couldn't give me that three months pay now, could you? He said you were to."

Torpenhow gave her a check and went to his own rooms. Bessie faithfully tidied up the studio, set the door ajar for flight, emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster, and began to scrub the face of the Melancolia viciously. The paint did not smudge quickly enough. She took a palette knife and scraped, following each stroke with the wet duster. In five minutes the picture was a formless, scarred muddle of colors. She threw the paint stained duster into the studio stove, stuck out her tongue at the sleeper, and whispered "Baffled!" as she turned to run down the staircase. She would never see Torpenhow any more, but she had at least done harm to the man who had come between her and her desire, and who used to make fun of her. Cashing the check was the very cream of the jest to Bessie. Then the little privateer sailed across the Thames, to be swallowed up in the gray wilderness of South-the-water.

Dick slept till late in the evening, when Torpenhow dragged him off to bed. His eyes were as bright as his voice was hoarse. "Let's have another look at the picture," he said as insistently as a child.

"You—go—to—bed," said Torpenhow. "You aren't at all well, though you mayn't know it. You're as jumpy as a cat."

"I reform to-morrow. Good night."

As he repassed through the studio, Torpenhow lifted the cloth above the picture, and almost betrayed himself by outcries: "Wiped out!—scraped out and turped out! If Dick knows this to-night he'll go perfectly mad. He's on the verge of the jumps as it is. That's Bess—the little fiend! Only a woman could have done that—with the ink not dry on the cheek, too! Dick will be raving mad to-morrow. It was all my fault for trying to help gutter devils. Oh, my poor Dick, the Lord is hitting you very hard!"

Dick could not sleep that night, partly for pure joy and partly because the well-known Catherine wheels inside his eyes had given place to crackling volcanoes of many-colored fires. "Spout away," he said, aloud. "I've done my work, and now you can do what you please." He lay still, staring at the ceiling, the long-pent-up delirium of drink in his veins, his brain on fire with racing thoughts that would not stop to be considered, and his hands crisped and dry. He had just discovered that he was painting the face of the Melancolia on a revolving dome ribbed with millions of lights, and that all his wondrous thoughts stood embodied hundreds of feet below his tiny swinging plank, shouting together in his honor, when something cracked inside his temples like an overstrained bow string, the glittering dome broke inward, and he was alone in the thick night.

"I'll go to sleep. The room's very dark. Let's light a lamp and see how the Melancolia looks. There ought to have been a moon."

It was then that Torpenhow heard his name called by a voice that he did not know—in the rattling accents of deadly fear.

"He's looked at the picture," was his first thought, as he hurried into the bedroom and found Dick sitting up and beating the air with his hands.

"Torp! Torp! Where are you? For pity's sake, come to me!"

"What's the matter?"

Dick clutched at his shoulder. "Matter! I've been lying here for hours in the dark, and you never heard me. Torp, old man, don't go away. I'm all in the dark. In the dark, I tell you."

Torpenhow held the candle within a foot of Dick's eyes, but there was no light in those eyes. He lit the gas, and Dick heard the flame catch. The grip of his fingers on Torpenhow's shoulder made Torpenhow wince.

"Don't leave me. You wouldn't leave me alone, would you? It's black—quite black, and I feel as if I was falling through it all."

"Steady does it." Torpenhow put his arm round Dick, and instinctively began to rock him gently to and fro.

"That's good. Now don't talk. If I keep very quiet for a while this darkness will lift. It seems just on the point of breaking. H'sh!" Dick knit his brows and stared desperately in front of him. The night air was chilling Torpenhow's toes.

"Can you stay like that a minute?" he said. "I'll get my dressing gown and some slippers."

Dick clutched the bed head with both hands and waited for the darkness to clear away. "What a time you've been!" he cried when Torpenhow returned. "It's as black as ever. And what are you banging about in the doorway?"

"Long chair—horse blanket—pillow. Going to sleep by you. Lie down now, you'll be better in the morning."

"I shan't!" The voice rose to a wail. "My God! I'm blind! I'm blind, and the darkness will never go away." He made as if to leap from the bed, but Torpenhow's arms were around him, and Torpenhow's chin was on his shoulder, and his breath was

Torpenhow held the candle within a foot of Dick's eyes.

squeezed out of him. He could only gasp, "Blind!" and wriggled feebly.

"Steady, Dickie, steady!" said the deep voice in his ear and the grip tightened. "Bite on the bullet, old man, and don't let them think you're afraid." The grip could draw no closer. Both men were breathing heavily. Dick threw his head from side to side and groaned.

"Let me go," he panted. "You're cracking my ribs. We—we mustn't let them think we're afraid, must we—all the powers of darkness and that lot!"

"Lie down. It's all over now."

"Yes," said Dick, obediently. "But would you mind letting me hold your hand? I feel as if I wanted something to hold on to. One drops through the dark so."

Torpenhow thrust out a large and hairy paw from the long chair. Dick clutched it tightly, and in half an hour had fallen asleep. Torpenhow withdrew his hand, and, stooping over Dick, kissed him lightly on the forehead as men do sometimes kiss a wounded comrade in the hour of death, to ease his departure.

In the gray dawn Torpenhow heard Dick talking to himself. He was adrift on the shoreless tides of delirium, speaking very quickly:

"It's a pity—a great pity. But it's helped, and it must be eaten, Master George, sufficient unto the day is the blindness thereof, and, further, aside all Melancolias and false humors, it is of obvious notoriety—such as mine was—that the queen can do no wrong. Torp doesn't know that. I'll tell him when we're a little further into the desert. What a bungle those boatmen are making of the steamer ropes! They'll have that four-inch hawser chafed through in a minute. I told you so! There she goes! White foam on green water, and the steamer slewing round. How good that looks! I'll sketch it. No, I can't. I'm afflicted with ophthalmia. That was one of the ten plagues of Egypt, and it extends up the Nile in the shape of a cataract. Ha! that's a joke, Torp. Laugh, you graven image, and stand clear of the hawser. * * * It'll knock you into the water and make your dress all dirty, Maisie dear."

"Oh!" said Torpenhow. "This happened before. That night on the river."

"She'll be sure to say it's my fault if you get muddy, and you're quite near enough to the breakwater. Maisie, that's not fair. Ah! I knew you'd miss. Low and to the left, dear. But you've no conviction. Everything in the world except conviction. Don't be angry, darling. I'd cut my hand off if it would give you anything more than obstinacy. My right hand, if it would serve."

"Now, we mustn't listen. Here's an island shouting across seas of misunderstanding with a vengeance. But it's shouting truth, I fancy," said Torpenhow.

The babble continued. It all bore upon Maisie. Sometimes Dick lectured at length on his craft; then he cursed himself for his folly in being enslaved. He pleaded to Maisie for a kiss—only one kiss—before she went away. He called to her to come back from Vitry-sur-Marne, if she would; but through all his ravings he bade heaven and earth witness that the queen could do no wrong.

Torpenhow listened attentively, and learned every detail of Dick's life that had been hidden from him. For three days Dick raved through his past, and then slept a natural sleep. "What a strain he has been running under, poor chap!" said Torpenhow. "Dick, of all men, handing himself over like a dog! And I was lecturing him on arrogance! I ought to have known that it was no use to judge a man. But I did it. What a demon that girl must be! Dick's given her his life—confound him!—and she's given him one kiss, apparently."

"Torp," said Dick from the bed, "go out for a walk. You've been here too long. I'll get up. Hi! This is annoying. I can't dress myself. Oh, it's too absurd!"

Torpenhow helped him into his clothes and led him to the big arm chair in the studio. He sat quietly waiting under strained nerves for the darkness to lift. It did not lift that day, or the next. Dick adventured on a voyage round the walls. He hit his shins against the stove, and this suggested to him that it would be better to crawl on all-fours, one hand in front of him. Torpenhow found him on the floor.

"I'm trying to get the geography of my new possessions," said he. "D'you remember that nigger you gouged in the square? Pity you didn't keep the odd eye. It would have been useful. Any letters for me? Give me all the ones in fat gray envelopes with a sort of crown thing outside They are of no importance."

Torpenhow gave him a letter with a black M. on the envelope flap. Dick put it into his pocket. There was nothing in it that Torpenhow might not have read, but it belonged to himself and to Maisie, who would never belong to him.

"When she finds that I don't write, she'll stop writing. It's better so. I couldn't be any use to her now," Dick argued, and the tempter suggested that he should make known his condition. Every nerve in him revolted. "I have fallen low enough already. I'm not going to beg for pity. Besides, it would be cruel to her." He strove to put Maisie out of his thoughts; but the blind have many opportunities for thinking, and as the tides of his strength came back to him in the long, employless days of dead darkness, Dick's soul was troubled to the core. Another letter, and another, came, from Maisie. Then there was silence, and Dick sat by the window with the pulse of summer in the air, and pictured her being won by another man, stronger than himself. His imagination, the keener for the dark background it worked against, spared him no single detail that might send him raging up and down the studio, to stumble over the stove, that seemed to be in four places at once. Worst of all, tobacco would not taste in the dark. The arrogance of the man had disappeared, and in its place was settled despair that Torpenhow knew, and, blind passion that Dick confided to his pillow at night. The intervals between the paroxysms were filled with intolerable walling and the weight of intolerable darkness.

"Come out into the park," said Torpenhow. "You haven't stirred out since the beginning of things."

"What's the use! There's no movement in the dark, and, besides,"—he paused irresolutely at the head of the stairs—"something will run over me."

"Not if I'm with you. Proceed gingerly."

The roar of the streets filled Dick with nervous terror, and he clung to Torpenhow's arm. "Fancy having to feel for a gutter with your foot!" he said, petulantly, as he turned into the park. "Let's curse God and die.'

"Sentries are forbidden to pay unauthorized compliments. By Jove, there are the Guards!"

Dick's figure straightened. "Let's get near 'em. Let's go in and look. Let's get on the grass and run. I can smell the trees."

"Mind the low railing. That's all right!" Torpenhow kicked out a tuft of grass with his heel. "Smell that," he said, "Isn't it good?" Dick snuffed luxuriously. "Now pick up your feet and run." They approached as near to the regiment as was possible. The clank of bayonets being unfixed made Dick's nostrils quiver.

"Let's get nearer. They're in column, aren't they?"

"Yes. How did you know?"

"Felt it. Oh, my men!—my beautiful men!" He edged forward—as though he could see. "I could draw those chaps once. Who'll draw 'em now?"

"They'll move off in a minute. Don't jump when the band begins."

"Huh! I'm not a new charger. It's the silences that hurt. Nearer, Torp!—nearer! Oh, my God, what wouldn't I give to see 'em for a minute!—one half minute!"

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Matilda Devinney died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Nan Thompson, at Allport, on Sunday morning, September 13 1891, aged 80 years, 7 month and 28 days. Mrs. Devinney's maiden name was Matilda Lake. She was born in Bucks county, Pa., January 25, 1811, where her parents resided until she was 18 years old, when they moved to Milesburg, Centre county. She was married at Milesburg in 1831 to William Devinney, and shortly afterwards came with him to Morris township, where they settled and where they continued to reside, with the exception of 6 years, which were spent in Iowa, until the death of Mr, Devinney. some five years ago since which time she made her home with her children. Early in life she united with the Methodist church, and for 62 years was a consistent member of the same. For the past five years Mrs. Devinney was an invalid, suffering greatly from the effects of a paralytic stroke, yet calmly closed her eyes upon the world, welcoming death as a release from bodily suffering, and looking hopefully to a blessed peace and an immortal rest beyond the pearly gates of Heaven. Five children survive her, viz: Mrs. P. R. Hinkle, of Lawrence township; Mrs. Nan Tompson and Cornelius Devinney, of Allport: Mrs. A. J. Ames and W. E Devinney, of Kylertown. Funeral services were held on Monday afternoon following her death, and were conducted by her pas tor, Rev. E. W. Wonner. Interment in the Allport cemetery.—*Raftsmen's Journal.*

To Our Subscribers.

The Special Announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., of Enosburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address to B. J. Kendall Co. (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." a 6—11t.

Poultry for Profit.

Are you keeping poultry for profit, either in large or small numbers? No matter if you keep only a dozen hens; are they paying you a profit over and above their keep and eggs and poultry used in your own family? If not, can you explain why not? For poultry properly kept pays the best of any domestic animals. Do you care to learn how a man of experience does make his hens pay better than $2.50 per year for each hen, from eggs alone; and who has to buy all of his grain and meat food? Do you desire to know how to make hens lay the most eggs in a year; how to dress and sell your poultry and eggs to obtain the highest prices? Do you care to learn about, and to obtain the best breeds and crosses from whichto get the largest number of eggs and most pounds of poultry to sell? And when and where to sell them? Do you desire to know how to prevent and treat diseases of poultry how to get your hens through moulting season well and strong; how to bring your early pullets to early laying, and etc? Do you care to learn how to build the best poultry houses and yards economically, warm and dry? In short, do you desire to know how to make money with a few hens? If so, for the small sum of fifty cents you can learn all of the above and much more. Subscribe for one year to the FARM-POULTRY, if no longer. Sample copy will be sent free. It is acknowledged on all sides to be the "Best Poultry Paper Published in the world." FARM POULTRY is published by I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., and edited by Mr. A. F. Hunter, a well known, practical writer and experienced breeder of Poultry for Profit. Send for Index to last Vol. free; and judge for yourself, if as much complete, instructive, practical matter regarding poultry raising can be found in any volume costing four times the price of FARM-POULTRY one year. Subcriptions can begin any time. sep-19-2m.

General Butler's forthcoming book will be one of the largest historical autobiographies ever published. It will contain one thousand large pages, printed upon high grade paper and illustrated with several hundred wood engravings. It will be published in English, German and French. The best artists are now employed on the work. The Dickinson Type Foundry is casting type especially for it. The typography and press-work will be by the Barta Press of Boston, the first edition to be not lass than one hundred thousand, probably double that number. The publishers are A. M. Thayer & Co., of Boston, The general and exclusive agents for Pennsylvania and Delaware are J. W. Keeler & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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In delicate health, the result of irregularity of the natural functions, or of any of the ills peculiar to your sex, if you will write me, I will send you full information in regard to my cure, together with a few samples of the genuine testimonials I have received from thousands of thankful women. The M. U. Partilles have stood the test of 18 years in a very extensive medical practice and have never failed to give beneficial results. Sample 12 cents; full box $1.00. Do not fail to learn more of them at once. Dr. H. H. Jackson, 103, State Street, Chicago, Ill. jy 30—1y

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THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.

HUNDREDS OF CATTLE BURNED AND HOMESTEADS DESTROYED.

ST. PAUL, September 25.—J. A. Westby, who has large contracts for government surveying, came in last night from the Upper Mississippi by way of the Duluth road, and reports terrible devastation along the line.

He says hundreds of cattle have been burned and many homesteads destroyed. The train on which he came down stopped at one place and took on seventeen men, women and children, who barely escaped with their lives.

Unless heavy rains fall at once, all the little villages and the homesteads along the St. Paul and Duluth for sixty miles will be burned. There is no doubt, he says, that many human lives were lost and expensive logging outfits burned. The country along the lake division of the Eastern Minnesota, particularly south of Hinckley, is suffering heavily. The country is sparsely settled, generally, but the railroad company has large forces of men at various points at work, in an effort to save the property and check the flames.

An Ashland, Wisconsin. dispatch says: Beports from along the line of the Omaha road are that the forest fires are rapidly advancing and eating up everything before them. Homesteaders surrounded by a wilderness of woods are being burned out, and on arriving in town tell of narrow escapes from death. The high winds have been effective in spreading the fires. To add to the discomfiture of the excessive heat, Ashland is filled with smoke, and navigation is seriously impaired owing to the heavy smoke.

A Duluth dispatch says: The fires could be plainly observed by their reflected light n the skies.

For a Free Turnpike.

The people of the valleys are asking for signers to a petition of which the following is a copy:

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace of the County of Clinton:

The petition of the undersigned citizens of the borough of Renovo and surrounding townships, resident taxpayers of the county of Clinton aforesaid respectfully represents that the Bald Eagle, Nittany and Brush Valley Turnpike Company maintain and operate a turnpike between the county bridge at Flemington in Clinton county and the "Old Fort" in Penn's valley near the town of Millheim, in Centre county, upon which tolls are charged the traveling public, which said road was constructed in pursuance of a charter to appoint a jury of view. Consisting of five reputable citizens of the county of Clinton, to view and condemn the said part or portion of the said turnpike, lying within your petitioners county, for publicuse free from tolls and toll gates, and to asess the damages to which the owners thereof may entitled therefor.— L. H. *Express*

A Southern Boom.

The town of Tallapoosa, Georgia, is just now receiving a good booming by the Georgia-Alabama Investment and Development Company, a corporation with a paid up capital of four and a half million dollars, and of which ex-United States Treasurer James W. Hyatt is the treasurer. The par value of the stock of the company is ten dollars per share, and the same can now be purchased at $4. All stock is full paid up and non-assessable, and there seems to be little doubt but that it is a good investment. G. Guyer Mattern is agent for Centre county and will write you up for as much stock as you desire.

To Drill for Natural Gas.

Arrangements are about completed for drilling a test well for natural gas on lands near Lock Haven, and the men who have the project in hand hope to have the drillers at work in a short time. Over seven thouiand acres of land have been leased and the indications are such as to lead to the belief that gas in paying quantities will be obtained. The lands on which the test well will be sunk are situated north of the city and in a direct line about six miles distant. In case gas is found Lock Haven will receive such a boom as nothing else can give the town. Every encouragement should be given the enterprising citizens who are pushing the undertaking.

Dedication of the Gallitzin Memorial.

The chapel erected at Loretto to the memory of the saintly Dr. Gallitzin, has been completed, and will be dedicated on Tuesday, September 29th, that being the feast of St. Michael, and Archangle, the patron saint of Loretto parish. A solemn high mass will be celebrated in the church at 9 o'clock, and the dedicatory services will take place at 10:30 o'clock.

The ceremonies will be very impressive and on account of the reverence which attaches to the name of Dr. Gallitzin, a great crowd will be in attendance.

Two Freight Trains Come Together.

NEW MILFORD, Conn, September 25.—Two freight trains of the New England road collided about two miles west of Hawleyville about 7.30 last evening. Engineer William Day, Fireman James Gardner and Brakeman C. A. Sprague, of the eastbound train, were killed. They belonged in Hartford. A brakeman on the westbound train was badly injured. The westbound train was running on the time of the other, which, though late, had the right of way. The accident was due to carelessness of Conductor Conrad and Engineer Heeney, who left Hawleyville without orders. Both disappeared immediately after the accident, and no trace of them has yet been found.

ROMANCE IN COURT.

A romantic story was revealed in a Boston Court the other day in a contest over the $500,000 estate of the late Samuel Welch, who lived in so many places that the Probate Judge doesn't know where to locate his legal residence. For years a fine looking brick house on Elm street, Somerville, has remained untenanted, its windows and doors heavily barred against entrance by anyone except the possessor of the key. All sorts of ghost stories have been conjured up about this house, and everybody who lived in the neighborhood was convinced that the house was haunted. It had that reputation, anyway, and timid women and children always went a block out of their way to avoid passing it at night. The ghost stories vanished in the light of recent revelations. That house was built by Welch years ago with the proceeds of a lottery prize which he had drawn. He was engaged to be married to an estimable young woman, and the wedding day had been appointed. When the intended bride heard that the foundation of his wealth had been laid through a lottery investment she refused to marry him. Mr. Welch immediately barred up the house, which had just been completed, and would never give his consent to its being occupied. He then led a roving life in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, where he passed the greater part of his time. Mayor Pope, of Somerville, has been appointed Administrator of the estate, which he will distribute among a large number of heirs.

"LITTLE'S WORLD"

On Thursday evening a fair audience greeted Mr. J. Z. Little and his company n that thrilling play "The World" in Garman's opera house. The rendition of the play can be said to be better than it was last year. The scenery is all new and more extensive. In the cast Mr. Little is as cool and good as ever while his support is somewhat above the average. All the songs are new and the dancing was fine.

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Yours respectfully, WOLCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.

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Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CHITTENANGO, N. Y., May 12, '90.

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Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the joint.

Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

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Artificial Molars Furnished at Low Prices—Where They Come From—Who the Customers are—An Old Curiosity Shop—Secrets of the Trade.

One can buy anything at second hand in New York. Every one at all familiar with the argot of great Gotham has heard of "The Bay," as is Baxter street and old Chatham street known most widely, and probably every one has seen the basement shops with their display of brightly polished second hand shoes—these last so plentiful on the west side avenues. Every one, too, has seen or read of the "old curiosity shops" dotted here and there along the Bowery, with their window show of heterogeneous articles, the dainty swan's-down fan hidden under the rusty T. square, and the suspiciously crook-like dark lantern perched jauntily upon a dingily-bound Bible of huge dimensions.

The water front, with its sprinkling of junk shops and the plentiful array of second-hand book shops are too well-known to need comment, but besides all this multitude array, there are other things than any of these suggested, which the impecunious and not over particular New Yorker can buy at second-hand, if he knows where to go for them. Teeth, for instance. There is a dentist on one of the lower side streets who fits the vacant jaws of the poor of that section with sets of molars and incisors, and a thriving trade he drives, too. Perhaps his mouth-furniture is not all second-hand, speaking strictly, but he buys much of his stock from the pawnbroker. He buys here and there from the big, cheap "dental associations," who make up their orders by machinery, largely, and who, when a set does not fit at the first time of asking, do not trouble with remodeling it, but make up a new set. As every mouth has a strict individuality, and, therefore, the misfit set could not be worked off on another customer, the association is glad to sell it at a low figure to our east side friend, who is correspondingly glad to get it. He tinkers over it a little, and if it does not fit as snugly as it might, that matters little to his customer, who, perhaps, does not distinguish the natural amount of discomfort attendant upon "store teeth" in any case from that due to misfitting.

A visit to his shop is worth one's while, if one happens to care to know just to what extent necessity fertilizes the inventive faculties, which last is shown by some of the exigencies of vanity coupled with poverty. The dentist is quartered in the half-basement of a huge tenement, bubbling with crowded humanity, and his only advertisement of his presence and profession is a tiny wooden sign, inscribed with some cabalistic Hebrew characters. There is a deceptive step just inside the door, and one half tumbles into the stuffy room which serves him for office and factory, and, on Saturdays, masquerades as a parlor.

"I was a prominent dental surgeon in Munich," says he in good English, "but I came away in '68, because I didn't care to practise on the battle-fields of the awful fight, and the German authorities did not want me to. I had much sickness when I got here, and what little money I had realized from the hasty sale of my effects was gone in a month or two. I knew not a soul in New York, and, as I had to live, I went from dentist to dentist to get work as assistant. No one wanted me, though, and I went to peddling. After awhile I had an inspiration and I started in this line, and now, after nineteen years of hard work I am going back to Munich in the fall.

"Queer business? Well, maybe so; but there is money in it, and it is individual—there is not another second-hand dentist in the city, as far as I know. People around here, you see, couldn't pay eight or ten dollars for a set of teeth, and, as that is about as cheaply as as one can buy them new, they are glad enough to come to me. I am something of a philanthropist, I think, for these poor ones have a right to wear false teeth if they choose—not to mention that they often actually need them—and I supply them with shiny white sets for a considerably lower sum than they could otherwise buy them for. The woman who was just in, for instance: She lost all her teeth through the use of calomel, and was in really great distress upon her recovery to know how she could afford to pay for a false set. Some one sent her to me, and I supplied her need at a reduction upon 'brand new' prices of more than fifty per cent."

"It's good that these Hebrews—who form the bulk of my trade—are neither romantic nor over-fastidious. Why? Well, for example, here"—taking from the jumble on the work bench a tarnished gold plate with five teeth projecting from it—"is a trifle which once graced the pretty mouth of a famous member of the half-world, and, if I mentioned her name, you would know that not one of her erstwhile admirers ever guessed that her gleaming pearly row was not all nature's own gift. She went down on the ladder, of course, and finally 'raised the wind' on the gold value of this odd collateral. I picked it up at a 'pawnbroker's unclaimed for sale' for half of what she got for it—which was not very much. Now I shall take the teeth from the plate, sell the plate as old gold to some assayer, mount these five with some others on a rubber plate, and sell the set, memories and all, for $3. Perhaps I shall make up the set with these, which were disposed of in the same way by a Pennsylvania clergyman, who couldn't get home to his anxious flock by any other method, he having investigated the devious ways of vice somewhat too particularly."—N. Y. News.

Some Curious Findings.

"I have found the longest word in the English language," writes a correspondent of the Journal. "It is 'Velocipedestrianistrinarianologist' (thirty-five letters.) Here are the next longest, as I make them out: 1, dis-pro-portion-a-bleness; 2, hon-or-if-i-ca-bil-i-tud-in-i-ty; 3, dis-es-tab-lish-ment-a-ri-an-ism; 4, un-pro-pre-an-te-pen-ult-i-mat-i-ca-bil-i-ty. The last word applies to all that have no 'propreantepenult,' that is, to every word of less than six syllables. The stem of the work, of course, is 'ult.' the remainder being an an aggregation of prefixes and suffixes.

"I have also collected several curious sentences. This one contains all the letters of the alphabet, and as there are in it but thirty-two letters, I think it must be the shortest of the kind ever made: 'Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs.' A curious thing about this sentence is that the six unnecessary letters are the vowels of the alphabet, with the exception of z, namely, e, i, o, u, the i and o being repeated once. The sentence of thirty-three letters has all the letters: 'A quick, brown fox jumps over the lazy dog,' and the sentence of thirty-six letters also: 'Jack quickly extemporized the five tow bags.'"—Boston Journal.

A Curious Old Clock.

A party of curiosity hunters has found in the attic of an old farmhouse near Long Branch, N. J., the famous old timepiece which used to tick away the hours at the parsonage of the Rev. Dr. William Tennent, pastor of the old Presbyterian Church, between Freehold and Englishtown. The antiquated house on the parsonage farm, two miles northeast of Freehold, where the noted preacher resided, is often visited by the curious, and the little room on the north side of the house, where he had his memorable trance and "transport to heaven," and where he subsequently died on March 8, 1777, is replete with interesting memories.

The old timepiece stood in this little room. It was made in England 190 years ago. During the time that Dr. Tennent was in his famous trance, the clock, for some mysterious reason, refused to go. After his death the clock was sold to a man named Wilbur Huntley, who kept it at his home, some distance southeast of Freehold, in memory of his venerable pastor. Huntley died a suicide. After his tragic end the clock became the subject of serious speculation. Its hands would never pass the hour of 1 o'clock at night. It would strike the midnight hour, but at 1, the hour when Huntley killed himself, it would utterly cease its functions.

J. M. Hooper, an experienced clockmaker, bought the timepiece at the suicide's vendue sale and tried to remedy the strange defect, but he never succeeded. By pressing the hands forward, and straining them past the hour of 1 they could be started on afresh, but as soon as 1 o'clock at night again was reached the clock would stop. It would tick merrily through the hour of 1 at noonday.

Recently an effort was made to find the old clock and replace it in the Tennent parsonage, which is to be restored to its century-age condition as a relic. Mr. Hopper had conveyed it to his home in Long Branch, and after much difficulty it was traced to a farm house, where it had been stowed away as useless by a purchaser. It still ticks away as solemnly and regularly as when brought from the shop nearly two centuries ago, but its 1 o'clock defect has never been cured.—Washington Star.

The "Butler and Spoons" Story.

How many people, do you suppose, know the origin of the story that has been circulated about General Butler and the silver spoons at New Orleans? said Edgar Yates. It was in 1864, when Butler was in New York in command of the military department there, that "Brick" Pomeroy, who was publishing a sensational paper about that time, printed the first story that was ever published about Butler and and the spoons. The story didn't contain any direct charge, but dealt rather with innuendos and allusions. Of course there were lots of people in New York then who were not disposed in a friendly way toward Butler, and this story immediately caught them. A day or two after "Brick" Pomeroy observed the interest that had been aroused by the publication of the spoons article, and placed in the window of his publishing office a statuette of the General who had conducted the New Orleans expedition. This statuette was not different from any other figures of a similar character, except that Butler was represented as standing in a military attitude, with a spoon slung across his shoulder. This figure attracted the attention of everybody, and more particularly of the people who for one reason or another bore unfriendly feelings for General Butler. Since then the story has been repeated with many modifications and amplifications, but it never obtained credence. Nevertheless, Butler has thought the matter of enough importance, I hear, to treat of it in his coming book, and Brick Pomeroy is discussed at some length, report says, in that volume.—Boston Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Human Methods of Killing Men.

There is quite a difference of opinion about the humanity of the new style of bullets for military purposes, which are claimed by the German surgeons to be the most humane missiles yet employed in war. The new projectile, which is made to be fired from a rifle of small calibre, is long, so that its "weight of section," as it is termed by the soldiers, is large, while its actual weight may be smaller than that of bullets of the old shape. By combining great weight of section with small diameter great velocity is given to the projectile, as well as such penetrating force that it will easily go through two or three men at the distance of a mile.

M. Delahaye, who is calling into question the mercifulness of the new bullet, regards the process of being drilled through by a bullet shaped like a lead pencil not much more humane than that of being shattered by an old-fashioned "slug;" but the Germans say that the new projectile will not remain in the wound, but will make a straight perforation through the body, greatly simplifying the surgical treatment. There is no doubt that the camp undertaker will in future have more to do after a battle, and the surgeon less than under the old regime, but as a soldier dreads long suffering from a wound as much as death, the balance of "humanity" may, after all, be on the right side. As lead bullets of the modern shape would be likely to bend, they are cased with steel or nickel tubes, which gives them the property of penetrating the hardest bone without deviating from their course.

Farm Life and Brains.

Nearly three-fourths of the men who have been chosen by the people for the great offices of the nation are men who were early familiar with wooded hills and cultivated fields—for example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Harrison, Hayes, Blaine and many others almost equally conspicuous in current events or living memory. Among journalists, Henry Watterson spent his early life in rural Kentucky, and Murat Halstead was born and lived on a farm in Ohio. W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town and early engaged in the business of ship chandlery; Russel Sage was born in a New York York village; Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York State. Ingersoll first saw light in a country town in New York, Talmage in a New Jersey village and David Swing, though born in Cincinnati, passed his boyhood on an Ohio farm. Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former dividing his time between farm employment and his studies. Follow the list out yourself and see how long it will become.—Kansas City Times.

Every Man His Own Mint.

The money of Chili at present is peculiar. Mr. Hoffman has his pocket full of it. It consists of small tags of pasteboard on which a man writes the value for which he is willing to redeem it, putting his name on the back. It then begins to circulate until it finally gets back to the source from which it emanated.—Boston Traveller.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

BETTER READ IT AT ANY RATE.

Many a man who formerly possessed a powerful physique and strong, steady nerves, wonders at his feeling of weakness dullness, exhaustion. There is an extremely nervous condition, a dull, cloudy sensation, disagreeable feelings in head and eyes bad taste in mouth mornings, the vision becomes dim, memory is impaired, and there is frequent dizziness, despondency and depression of mind. The nerves become so weakened that the least shock will flush the face or bring on a trembling with palpitation.

Luckily, there is the great and wonderful restorative, Dr. Green's Nervura which will give back to the weakened and exhausted system the strength it has lost, imparts vigor to brain and nerves, vitalizes and invigorates the physical powers, dispels

despondency and restores again that grand degree of lusty strength and power which in ignorance or folly we have exhausted. Druggists sell it, $1.00. Purely vegetable and harmless. *Try it and you will never regret it.*

"I deem it my duty to the public to state the wonderful effects of Dr. Green's Nervura in my case. My improvement has been most gratifying, and language cannot describe the change in my feelings and prospects. *Where all was gloom and despondency, there is now light and hope.* I gained 13 pounds, and am still gaining. Not alone myself, but I know many others who can testify to the merits of Dr. Green's Nervura.

CHARLES H. HODGDON,
35 Daca St., Somerville, Mass."

N. B. Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases; 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted free, personally, or by letter. Call or write him about your case, or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., will be returned free.

"THE WITCH" SUCCESS.

PHILADELPHIA, September 28.—Marie Hubert Frohman begun a week's engagement at the Empire theatre to-night in "The Witch." Her appearance had been looked forward to with great interest. A large audience had gathered in the beautiful new play house. It was an ideal dramatic production. "The Witch" is the greatest dramatic novelty of the age and as a truth-revealing picture of life was never excelled. It attracts the attention of the audience at once and holds it unfailingly to the end.

Miss Frohman made a beautiful Marguerite and her acting was superb. Though scarcely more than a girl in years, her acting was marked by that breathless silence and emotional attention which only great artists can command. The audience showed their appreciation by calling her before the curtain three times. ["The Witch" will be rendered in Bellefonte on Christmas eve, December 24th.—ED.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all lung and throat Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address Rev. Edward A. Wilson Brooklyn, New York.

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How To Get Thin.

Fat men and women will be specially interested in this week's issue of Frank Leslie's Weekly. Dr. A. D. Rockwell, a famous New York physician, contributes the leading editorial on "How to get thin." The pictures include the famous Brooklyn Jockey Club and city pool-room fight, the fire-room of an ocean steamer, character sketches of the New York Democratic State Convention, views in Mankato, Minn., a magnificent full page of the Yosemite Falls an interesting foreign page of amateur photographs, and many other beautiful presentations. Price ten cents. Get it of your newsdealers.

Liberal salary and expenses paid. See advertisement in another column headed Good Salary by Sears, Henry & Co., Geneva, N. Y. They are a reliable firm.

DEATH OF HENRY BECK.

A message was received last Saturday evening by Mrs. Henry Derr announcing the death of her father, Mr. Henry Beck, Loganton, Clinton county. Mr. Beck was quite an aged gentleman, he having reached the advanced age of 85 years. He had hosts of friends in this place who will be sorry to hear of his death. He was the grandfather of Mr. J. C. Derr and Mrs. George Harmon, of this place.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affection caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle at C. M. Parrish Drugstore.

WILD RUMORS CURRENT.

WASHINGTON, September 28.—Wild rumors were in circulation this afternoon to the effect that the white squadron and other vessels were to be sent to Chili, but these stories were inconsistent with Secretary Tracy's statement that no more cabinet meeting to-day the subject of Egan's troubles with the junta were not touched upon and it may again be positively stated that, while America interests in Chili will be fully protected, and the existing difficulty is now likely to become simply a diplomatic correspondence, although dispatches from Chili were received at the headquarters of the Chilian congressional envoys in Washington up to 6 o'clock last night, they contained no reference to the reported arrests of American citizens in Santiago and the stationing of a guard of police around the United States legation building there.

Children are just as liable to suffer from catarrh as grown people. The best and easiest applied remedy is Old Saull's Catarrh cure.

The best reform in domestic life is without doubt the introduction of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Now no more laudanum need be given to babies.

Ancestors and Titles.

In regard to aristocracy Daniel Webster once wrote: "There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry which nourishes only a weak pride; and there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice or hides the working of a low and groveling vanity. But there is also a moral and philosophical regard for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the beast." Aristocratic titles are often obtained by dishonest means, says Texas Siftings. Many a man becomes ignoble to become noble.

The confidence of nobility of birth has rendered men ignoble, just as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor. Lord Bacon has compared those who lived in the higher spheres to these heavenly bodies in the firmament which have much admiration but little rest. Titles are properly the insignia of wise and honest men. The fool or knave that wears one is a falsifier. They who dilate upon their glorious ancestry are foolishly vain of a debt which probably they will never be able to pay. It has also been remarked that a river generally becomes narrower and more insignificant as we ascend to its source. The stream of ancestry, on the contrary, often vigorous, pure and powerful at its fountain head, usually becomes more feeble, shallod and corrupt as it flows downward.—Boston Herald.

Hanging in Chains.

One of the last instances of an order being made for hanging in chains is that of a chimney sweep, who in 1827 murdered a man on the highway on the east side of Brigg. The culprit was tried by Mr. Justice Best at Lincoln assizes. At this time what used to be called the new law courts were building so the Dean and Chapter lent their chapter house for the purpose of an Assize Court. The trial lasted all day. The poor wretch's body never underwent the proposed indignity. The inhabitants of Brigg took fright—thought, it has been suggested, that the gibbet standing so near the highway would terrify people and hinder them from coming to market; they petitioned against the Judge's order being carried out, and the authorities remitted the horror. Mr. Hartshorne believes, and we have no doubt correctly, that the last person hung in chains was a man named Cook, who suffered for the murder of a Mr. Paas. This occurred at Leicester in 1834, the very year that the custom was put an end to by statute.—The Athenæum.

Human Discontent.

A rich man of Boston has one son. He led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. The son became of age this summer. The father has no other occupation save that of nursing his income, and as he is a man of sense and liberal views he told his son that he must not stand idle, yet left to him the choice of business or profession. At the same time he wrote privately to twenty-four friends and acquaintances, asking their advice in the matter. The twenty-four were prominent, each in his own calling. And each replied in turn, complaining of his own business, and advising the father to seek elsewhere for the future prosperity of the young man. The law was crowded, journalism brought but little money, banking was an uncertain prop, and so on throughout the catalogue. The father is still undecided; the boy is idle. And all because no one of the twenty-four is contented with his lot, while he admires the fortunes of other men.—Boston Post.

Who Are You?

A novel and ingenious plan to enable a person to identify himself under all circumstances, as when cashing a check or money order, or obtaining registered letters or mail matter, has been invented. It is in the form of an "identification card," which is enclosed in a morroco case, so that it can be carried around by the owner conveniently.

The card contains in one corner a miniature photograph of the person to whom it is issued, with his signature below. Beneath this is the attestation of a notary public to the genuineness of the photograph and signature.

On another division of the card is registered the name, occupation, age and citizenship of the possessor, together with an accurate description of him and his place of residence. Room is also left in another column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have.

Stopped—the progress of Consumption. The best authorities agree that it's a scrofulous affection of the lungs. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a cure. Thousands have been saved by it—thousands more are putting it off till too late. For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it is a positive remedy. It's *guaranteed* to do all that's claimed for it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, your money is returned.

The "Discovery" is the only Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy that's sold so. Think what a medicine it must be!

Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Makers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of Ephraim Rupp, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Court to made distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant, as shown by his account filed, to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet the parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment, at his office in Bellefonte, on Monday, the 21st day of September, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons are required to present their claims or else be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

s3-3t W. I. SWOOPE, Auditor.

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Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte, Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

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The EUREKA CASH GROCERY, Bush Arcade Block, is the place to buy Groceries GOOD AND CHEAP. We have always been selling goods at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES but now we intend to do better than ever and will sell goods at prices that will astonish everyone. Times are hard and we cannot expect to make much. Below we quote you a few of our prices to show that we mean business.

3 cans of Corn for 25 cts.; 3 cans of Peas 25 cts.; 3 cans of Lima Beans for 25 cts.; 6 bars of Soap 25 cts.; Coffee 23-25-26-28-35 cts. per pound; 1 package Mince Meat 11 cts.; Mixed Tea (a number one quality) only 40 cts. per pound; Soup Beans 6 cts. per quart.

The above is a fair sample of our prices. Call and be convinced.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
HIGH STREET, - - BELLEFONTE.
M. P. TUTEN, PROPRIETOR.

IN A TRANCE.

A Well That Produces Ancient Vases and Medicinal Waters.

A week ago an old soldier in Rush County of the name of Sergt. Henry Embree had a well dug, says a Topeka, Kan., despatch to the New York Times. At the depth of twenty feet he found well-preserved vases and articles of earthenware, which he now keeps as a memento of past ages. Rush County is in Western Kansas, in the treeless part of the State, and has been, as far as the memory of man reaches, a desert. Speculation is rife over the discovery, and many theories are advanced to account for the existence of these articles in this place. Some consider the spot a primeval burying place of an ancient semi-civilized race which occupied the land when it was capable of supporting a population.

During the process of digging a curious condition of the soil and rock was observed. The soil was very hard and of a honeycombed nature, while the rock was soft limestone, mingled with a large amount of some yellow material, mineral, which closely resembled gold. Some of the mineral was taken to a chemist, who found it impossible to get any chemical reactions from it. His opinion is that a new mineral has been discovered.

The well has now several feet of water in it which is claimed to possess wonderful medicinal properties. A number of persons suffering from chronic ailments have been using it both internally and externally, and all are lavish in their praises of its healing powers. It is certain that there have been some remarkable cures in the short time that the water has been used.

One peculiarity of this water is that it changes regularly both its physical condition and its healing properties. In the morning hours the water is as clear as cristal, almost ice cold, of a bitter taste, and covered with a thin sheet of apparently golden oil. At such times the water is found to be best suited to the treatment of nervous affections. At the approach of the meridian hour the water becomes very much agitated and suddenly almost disappears. After the water has reached its normal height again, about 6 o'clock p. m., it is found to be entirely different in nature. It is then oily, of a sweetish taste, and at a temperature almost hot. Following this mysterious change, the water is said to be most effective in diseases of the blood.

Sergt. Embree, who is known as the religious enthusiast, claims the well to be of supernatural origin, and preaches that it is the opening up of a new dispensation, and that he is endowed with superhuman powers. He calls himself the "servant of God's elect and the Prince of the everlasting covenant." He has quietly gathered about him quite a following, men and women who affect to believe his preachings. He says that the place of the well was revealed to him in a trance.

How Sure It Was.

Hank Yates was a born horse trader. His father and his mother's father were horse traders, too, and spent almost as much time riding over the Illinois prairies to get or to make bargains in horse-flesh as in attending to their corn and pig-raising on their farms. Hank had traded horses from the time he was 10 years old, when his grandfather bought him a Texas mustang from a herd.

Hank swapped the mustang within twenty-four hours for a Kentucky colt, which he traded to his father for a coveted mare, whose next colt he sold to his grandfather at an advance of $75 over the price of the mustang.

Hank was only 19 years old when he began his attentions to Lizzie Dood in the next county, and scarcely 20 when he rode over on a fine young horse to ask her to marry him.

They were sitting out in front of the house in the starlight, and Hank was getting on well with what he had to say, when he saw Lizzie's father critically examining his horse, hitched down at the front gate.

"I think everything in the world of you, Lizzie," Hank was saying. "That's as sure as——"

Just then he saw her father feeling of his horse's feet, and the instinct of the horse-trader mingled with the spirit of his wooing, and he sprang to his feet and yelled: "That's as sure as that bay gelding of mine is worth $40 more than them little gray mares of yourn both put together!"—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Searles' Costly Home.

The death of Mrs. Searles, formerly Mrs. Mark Hopkins, widow of the California millionaire, recalls her costly home in San Francisco. Standing on the topmost part of what has long been known as "Nob Hill" in that city, it can be seen from nearly all parts of the city proper. It is a massive, dark pile, surrounded with thick stone walls, which on the lower slope of the hill are many feet in height, making it, as one looks up the hill from the south, appear like a heavy fortified castle. The cost of the house has been variously estimated at from $1,500,000 to $3,000,000. It used to be pointed out to strangers by proud California people as the home of "the richest woman in the world." But for some years it was seldom that any one, save the gardener at work on the beautiful grounds, could be seen around the place (the wall on the California street side was almost on a level with the lawns), and not a few people loooking at the gloomy though magnificent pile must have wondered at the expending of so many fortunes upon a place which so few people seemed to enjoy.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Photographing by Moonlight.

A photographer, incited, as he himself states, by fabulous stories about moonlight photographs, has lately written an intelligent and practical paper on the impracticability of moonlight photography. The conclusion at which the writer arrives is that for scientific purposes, and as technical object lesson to the photographer, the attempts at making pictures by moonlight are very instructive, and in many ways interesting; but artistically they do not amount to much. Light and shade are not distinctly defined, as the motion of the moon obliterates all artistic effect in the prolonged exposure, and the finished picture is suggestive of the works of Chinese artists, totally devoid of detail, as well as of light and shade. Moonlight photographs with distinctly pronounced shadows are impossible, and those claiming to be so are invariably made by daylight. In such pictures, however, the moonlight effect can, by clever printing and skillful manipulation, be very beautifully brought out.

Two Boys.

Little Daughter—Oh, mamma, didn you say Dick mustn't go with that neighbor's boy?"

Mamma—Indeed I did.

"Well, he's with him behind the barn smoking cigarettes!"

"Horrors! Is that dirty faced boy teaching Dick to smoke cigarettes?"

"No'm. Dick's teachin' him."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Unionville Items.

The last ten days have been fine weather for ripening the corn and buckwheat and for putting in the fall crop.

Owen Underwood has become the champion potato raiser in this locality. He has almost eleven hundred bushels of the tubers this fall; composed of several varieties, but the chief kind is the Mammoth Pearl. The greatest yield was from the Green Mountain variety, ten pounds of seed yielding twelve bushels of fine large potatoes. The potato and cabbage crops are more profitable than the raising of grain.

The large crop of apples is being converted into cider and the storing of the winter fruit will soon begin.

N. J. Hurley, the oldest citizen of this section of the county, being about 93 years of age, died last week after a very brief illness.

Mr. William P. Fisher has been confined to the house for the last two weeks, not being able to walk except with the aid of crutches. While attending the Friends Quarterly meeting in Halfmoon valley recently he fell when getting out of a carriage and badly sprained one knee. It is extremely unfortunate for him at this time of the year when he has so much fruit to be taken care of.

Two Miss Blackburns and the Misses Miller, all of Bedford, are visiting friends in this locality.

A. N. Russell and Mrs. T. E. Griest and daughter are away on a visit to Rev. Henchey and family in Indiana, this State thus leaving Mr. T. E. Griest to keep bachelor's hall.

Nearly everybody hereabouts went to the grangers picnic last week, and enjoyed the social features of it, but thought the exhibitions a dismal failure.

J.

Marriage Licenses.

Simon S. Kline, of State College, and Emma Shreffler, of Snyder county.

Harry E. Johnston, of Altoona, and Sadie J. Walkey, of Bellefonte.

Archibald Shaw and Annie Wier, both of Snow Shoe.

Tine Wagoner and Mary Elizabeth Jane Beals, both of Burnside township.

G. H. Decker, of Potter township, and Emma R. Ziegler, of Benner.

WHAT IS

SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How Can It Be **CURED**

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofulous sore neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps formed in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLILE, Nauright, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Nearly every pattern of 5/A *Horse Blanket* is imitated in color and style. In most cases the imitation looks just as good as the genuine, but it *hasn't the warp threads*, and so lacks strength, and while it sells for only a little less than the genuine it isn't worth one-half as much. The fact that 5/A *Horse Blankets* are copied is strong evidence that they are THE STANDARD, and every buyer should see that the 5/A trade mark is sewed on the inside of the Blanket.

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100 5/A STYLES

at prices to suit everybody. If you can't get them from your dealer, write us. Ask for the 5/A Book. You can get it without charge.

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We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhea, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. *Use it and pay if satisfied.* Address, VON MOHL CO., Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Not Enough To Go Round.

The question is often asked, "What do they do with all the watches?" A watchmaker answers, "Sell them," but that does not seem to satisfy them. They seem to think that there are enough watches made in one day to supply the demand and have some to give away in prize packages. Since watchmaking was first started in the United States, about thirty-five years ago, there have been nearly 13,000,000 watches manufactured, and about twenty per cent of these have been destroyed, leaving 9,750,000 watches now on the market. Three per cent of these have been exported to foreign countries, leaving 9,457,500 watches in the United States, which is enough to supply about one-seventh of the population. There are now about 6,000 watches made daily in the United States, and the increase of population in the last ten years has been nearly 6,000 per day. So at the present rate of making watches, with the per cent destroyed and the increase of population, it will take at least sixty years to supply everyone in the United States with a time piece, and at the end of that time we presume there will be something new invented to take the place of our watches as ours have taken the place of the old verge and cylinder watches. But as it is the coming generations of watchmakers will have to look out for themselves, for after a lapse of sixty years we will be past doing anything for them.

What Else Can You Expect?

Sufferers from nervous and chronic diseases often wonder why their family physician cannot cure them. Yet it is only what might be expected when it is considered that the family doctor sees very few such cases. He spends his time riding about among his fever patients. It is the physician who makes a specialty of your particular disease to whom sufferers should apply. This is what makes of so much value to the sick the generous offer of the eminent Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the great specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases to give consultation and advice free. This well-known physician, the discoverer of the wonderful nerve cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura uses only pure and harmless vegetable remedies in curing the sick. You who have failed to be cured by your family doctor, write immediately to Dr. Greene a description of your case, or send for a symptom blank to fill out, and he will return you a letter fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., free of charge. Do not hesitate to write, for he has cured thousands of cases like yours and will surely make you well.

The Chronic Insane Asylum.

HARRISBURG, September 28.—To-day the committee appointed to select a site and build an asylum for the chronic insane made a majority report, stating that it had selected a site of 545 acres, known as the South Monntain site, in Berks county, eight miles from Reading. The site will cost $77,000. The governor's approval to the choice is asked. A minority report was submitted by Dr. John Curwen, of Warren, stating that in his opinion as a hospital physician the Berks county site was not a suitable one, and asking the governor to withhold his approval of it until he had time to write out in detail the reasons for his objection, and also the reason for his approving another site, the location of which he did not state. The gover nor will not take any immediate action.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. S. Cheney & Co. Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Base Ball Yesterday.

The following games were played yesterday by the National League and American Association clubs.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cleveland—Cleveland 13, Chicago 14

At Brooklyn—Philadelphia 1, Brooklyn 8.

At Pittsburg—Cincinnati 7, Pittsburg 6.

At Boston—First Game—Boston 13, New York 8. Second Game—Boston 11, New York 3.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION

At Milwaukee—Milwaukee 4, Louisville 10.

"There are millions in it" said a druggist when asked about Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

For some time past I've been a rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave me almost instant relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me.
JAMES GORDON' Balto, Md.

—An interesting sight on Monday afternoon was the streets of Bellefonte being sprinkled with cider. The delicious juice is so plenty hereabouts the farmers don't know what to do with it.

The combined circulation of the *Ladies Home Journal, Seed-Time and Harvest*, and *Farm Poultry*, will soon exceed one million copies. All three will be sent one year for only one dollar by the Seed-Time and Harvest Co., La Plume, Pa. a31—2m.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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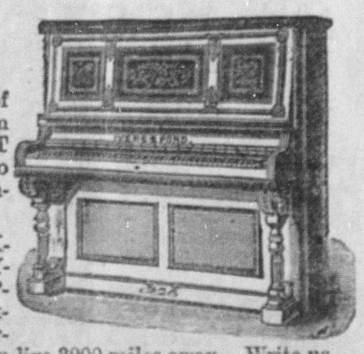

We take OLD PIANOS in EXCHANGE, sell on EASY PAYMENTS, and send Pianos ON APPROVAL to be returned at our expense for railway freights if not perfectly satisfactory, even though you live 3000 miles away. Write us.

Ivers & Pond Piano Co., Masonic Temple, 183 Tremont St. Boston.

PASTOR KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

St. Vitas Dance Cured! VIII.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., February, 1889.

My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for two years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, BALTIMORE, June, 1890.

I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous trouble caused by overwork, and found it all that it is claimed to be. After using one bottle it had the desired effect, and I can truly recommend it to all suffering a like complaint, as a really wonderful remedy. SAML. THREW, PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 19, '90.

For seven years my eldest daughter had fainting spells and spasms. Last June she took the first of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and since that time they have entirely ceased. JOHN GLOECKNER.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

DR. L. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Good Blood, Good Health.

The Blood Searcher is the safest Purifier ever known. Best Tonic. Cures Boils, Pimples, Tetter, Ulcers, Black Heads, and all bad Blood. Sold by Druggists.

The Sellers Medicine Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES made by ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE, (successor to the "Fox Optical Co.") at 624 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., are conceded the best and most comfortable. Save money by having him fit your eyes. jy9-1y.

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

Save Yourself Money.—When you go to Pittsburg, Pa., stop at the Anchor Hotel, corner Liberty and Fourth streets. It is a strictly first-class Hotel conducted on the European plan. Lodgings, 25,—35, or 50 cents. a16-1y

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT

or LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE. A Christian woman's narrative of Mission work done "In His Name" in tough places, revealing the "*inner life*" of the underworld of *new York—as seen by a woman.*" It describes Gospel work in the slums, and gives a famous detective's 30 years experiences. By Mrs. Helen Campbell, Col. Thos. W. Knox, and Inspector Thos. Byrnes (*Chief of the N. Y. Detectives*). With 250 engravings from flash-light photographs of scenes in *Darkest New York by Day and by Night.* Pure and good, full of tears and smiles, it is an ally of Temperance, a witness to the power of the Gospel—*a book for every home.* Ministers say: *God speed it.* Eminent women endorse it. 87-5,000 Agents Wanted, Men and Women. $25 to $200 a month made. 87 Distance is no hindrance, for we Pay Freights and give Extra Terms. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TO CURE SKIN DISEASE OF ANY FORM USE HEISKELL'S OINTMENT

It has proved infallible in every case, from simple Pimples to obstinate Eczema; also Itching Piles. 50 CTS. per box.

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The story of the Nations as told in the brilliant deeds and grand achievements of the world's heroes and heroines. A rich storehouse of history, travel, adventure, and the weird and wonderful events of the "times that tried men's souls." Thrilling stories of the days of chivalry, startling heroic achievements of warriors and crusaders. Also a vast collection of the rarest gems of English and American historical literature. The most wonderful new book of to-day, the great self-educator: just the book the people want. Over 350 grand historical illuminations. Half-tone steel engravings, and brilliant oil-colored plates. Everybody finds it a bonanza of success. It sells without asking. No capital, no risk. Straight business and big profits. Splendid illustrated circulars and full particulars sent free. Address,

WORLD PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THINGS A WOMAN CAN DO.

Of the modern daughter of Eve a Boston paper says:

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it, and no man can do that.

Six of them can talk at once and get along first rate, and no two men can do that.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony was performed.

She can walk half a night with a colicky baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while he is getting one under his thumb nail.

She is as cool as a cucumber in a half dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be pounding each othes's head before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base ball pitcher.

HO, FOR THE EXPOSITION!

The big Pittsburg Exposition opened in a blaze of glory on September 2nd, and all indications point to a successful show. Most of our country cousins will visit it before the close. City folks will thus have an opportunity to show their hospitality in return for favors received. We learn with regret that Major Max Klein, owing to a press of business, was unable to arrange a display this season, as in former years. Visitors to the city should by all means take a peep at his model establishment, No. 82 Federal street, Allegheny, which is within a stone's throw of the Ft. Wayne and West Penn depots. They can then return home with the satisfaction of having seen the largest and best equipped wholesale liquor house in this section of the State—the headquarters of those world-famed brand of absolutely pure whiskies, "Silver Age" and "Duquesne." The former sells at $1.50 and the latter at $1.25 per full quart. Major Klein, it may be added, also keeps in stock Bear Creek, Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson and Overholt, and the finest old whiskies, brandies, wines, cordials, etc. Call and see him.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

"Mr. Beecher as I Knew Him" is an attractive title, and under it Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher begins her series of personal reminiscences of her husband in the October *Ladie's Home Journal*. In a delightfully frank manner she tells of her first meeting with Mr. Beecher and how he looked; their courtship and engagement; how he earned his engagement ring; his first sermon, and early religious beliefs. The October *Journal* is absolutely crowded with good things. Major McKinley has his wife sketched for the first time in print with portrait, in the series of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men"—the domestic tendencies of New York's social leaders are described in "Society Women as House keepers" Henry Clews, a New York banker, tells about "The Making and Saving of Money"—Maria Parloa starts her new domestic department, as does Foster Coates his boy's page; Ella Wheeler Wilcox discusses "Social Slave Markets" Susan Coolidge, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney and Kate Tannatt Woods each have a story "To Entertain Evening Parties" is treated fully by six writers: Talmage writes very happily, and altogether the October *Journal* is the strongest number ever issued of this marvelous periodical which has now reached a circulation of 700,000 copies each month. One dollar a year or ten cents a single number. Published in Philadelphia by the Curtis Publishing Company.

SCROFULA IS BAD.

For all forms and variations of scrofula which stands next to contagious blood in the problems that it presents, S. S. S. is a specific. As a remedy for this disease, it stands pre-eminent and incomparable. Where the ordinary treatment fails—and it does fail in nine cases ont of ten S. S. S. will effect a cure. Some of the testimonials that the proprietors have on file and others which they include in their pamphlets, describe cures that are almost miraculous. No higher tributes could be paid to the singular efficacy of this medicine than those which are embodied in these unsolicited letters. The suffering that has been saved by S. S. S. in these cases alone would place it at the head of all blood medicines.

Serious Danger.

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria but these are speedily rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Consitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

Chapter 1: Weak, tired, no appetite.
Chapter 2: Took Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

The Soap that Cleans Most is Lenox.

Chew Old Honesty PLUG TOBACCO

It's as good as Wheat.

Every Chewer Should Insist —on— Having and Trying OLD HONESTY Plug Tobacco. Every Dealer Keeps It and it is made by Jno. Finzer & Bros. LOUISVILLE, KY.

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By Professor CHARLES F. ESCHER.

HEARTS' DELIGHT; or Sweet Melodies of the Past and Present,

being a compilation of vocal and instrumental music, adapted to piano or organ. The work contains best and most popular selections of the renowned composers of this and foreign countries, 32 full-page lithograph portraits of famous vocalists, instrumentalists and composers, 3 large number of interesting biographies. About 500 pages. Size 10 x 13 inches. Durably bound in cloth, stamped with appropriate design. This work is especially intended for musicians who desire a variety of choice pieces, contains plenty for the beginner. One of the best known orchestra leaders in this country, writes "Hearts' Delight is the best book of its kind I ever saw." Complete book, $2.50, postpaid. AGENTS WANTED. Big profit. Goods on 30 days' credit. Secure territory at once. For special terms, etc., address,

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KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. 8½ cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free, with $2.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

TALKING WITH STARS.

A WELL-KNOWN ASTRONOMER'S VIEWS ON INTERPLANATARY SIGNALS.

The Suggested Use of a Huge Triangle in the Desert of Sahara—Speculation as to Whether Mars is Inhabited—Some Scientific Facts.

When Prof. George Davidson of the Davidson Observatory and the Coast and Geodetic Survey was shown the Paris cablegram saying that an old lady had just died at Spa, leaving 100,000f. as a prize to the astronomer, French or foreign, who within ten years shall be able to communicate with any planet or star, he read it through slowly once, then he read it twice more rapidly. Finally, he picked it up, held it at the proper distance from his eyes, and squinted at it just as he would squint at Mercury through his telescope if he wanted to find the big tortoise-shaped spot on its northern hemisphere.

"From the very form her bequest takes I am aware that somebody—Flammarion or some other man—has been talking to her about the proposed triangle. The project is a very curious one, but can be explained quite easily."

Prof. Davison picked up a blue pencil and drew on a white sheet of paper a right-angled triangle.

"This that I have drawn," he said, is the old triangle of Pythagoras. That triangle has a right angle, and the square built upon the side opposite the right angle is equal to the sum of the squares built upon the other two sides. The proposition is said to be the fundamental one of geometery. It has been proposed to draw such a figure as that in the Desert of Sahara, or some other great plain, the lines of course, to be hundreds of miles long, and made so they would be distinct on the desert sand. One way would be to plant palm trees, so that the forests would take the shape of lines in the figure. Certainly the green of the palms would be so bright in contrast with the white of the sand that the drawing when completed would be plain enough.

"These are the suppositions that go along with the idea. It is supposed that there are people on some of the planets, at least on Mars. It is supposed that the people on the plannet are civilized and capable of looking through telescopes, and it is concluded that if this is so, they must know the Pythagorean proposition.

"So, if the people on Mars look through their telescopes at the earth they will be sure to see that enormous figure on the desert, and seeing it they will realize that the earth is inhabited by men of knowledge and that the drawing is a signal. Then, of course they will set to work to answer it by building just such a figure on Mars. That will be talking from star to star.

"But all this is bosh and nonsense to me, and I dare say it was bosh and nonsense to the man who wheedled this Frenchwoman into setting aside her 100,000f. But whoever he was, he knew on which side his bread was buttered, and knew that such a trust, for whatever purpose, would bear interest.

"But even supposing that the Desert of Sahara is one great plain and that it is large enough for the purpose, and even supposing that it was possible to make such an enormous figure, I am in doubt whether the people on Mars, with such telescopes as we use, would be able to see it.

"At certain times Mars is but 34,000,000 miles from the earth, but it gets further and further away, until the distance is 61,800,000 miles. That is a good way off to see triangles. But if Mars is inhabited I am inclined to believe that the inhabitants are not fools. If they saw a triangle-shaped object on the face of the earth they would not jump to the chimerical conclusion that there were idiots enough down here to build such an affair.

"The truth is we do not know whether any of the planets besides the earth are inhabited. We think we know that it might be possible for men to live on Mercury. The situation and condition of things on the other planets are altogether different from those on the earth. So, when we talk about the inhabitants of the planets we enter the realm of surmise, and Jules Verne has a better chance than the scientist.

"The four planets nearest the sun are Mercury, Venus, the earth, and Mars. Mercury is only 35,382,000 miles from the sun, which isn't very far when you take the heat into consideration. Consequently we believe it is a good many times hotter than Arizona on Mercury. There are other disadvantages, such as lack of space, enormous mountains, and no certainty of atmosphere. Mercury is only 3,000 miles in diameter, yet there are mountains on its surface over twelve miles high.

"Venus is 66,134,000 miles from the sun and is plenty hot enough, although nearly twice as far as Mercury from the Great Heater. Then there is some question about the atmosphere as yet, and the year is only 224 days long.

"The earth comes next, being 91,430,000 miles from the sun. After this planet is Mars, 139,311,000 miles from the luminary.

"All astronomers admit that if people like those on the earth live on any of the other planet Mars is probably the one. The reason why is easy to tell. Although Mars is further from the sun than the earth his orbit is so eccentric that at certain times he is only 126,318,000 miles away, consequently the temperatures are, likely, merely a little more moderate than those on the earth. Then, too, the diurnal motion of the two planets is about the same, so that from one year's end to another the distance from the earth to Mars varies only from 33,800,000 miles to 61,800,000. Mars has its seasons and its polar ice just like the earth.

"Through the telescopes we can watch ice-fields at the poles get larger as winter approaches and see them get smaller again in the summer. Mars has an atmosphere and clouds like those on earth. There are continents and oceans on Mars, so that altogether the analogy between the planet and the earth is very close, the striking difference being that Mars is much the smaller.

"Astronomers are more and more disposed to believe that Mars is inhabited. You ask me if we know, however, and I promptly tell you we do not. An astronomer named Schiapparelli claims he is able to see a double line of canals on Mars. These must be enormous works if he can see them, and must represent a stupendous amount of work on the part of an almost countless number of people. I cannot see them through my telescope, and many others fail. After all, these canals may be in Schiapparelli's eye. People get what they call astigmatism, nowadays, and see two pencils where there is only one. Perhaps that is what Schiapparelli has.

"But even if there are people on Mars, and even if they have built canals, as for talking with them," and the professor repeated the statement to make it more positive, "as for talking with them, nonsense."—San Francisco Examiner.

WIFE-SELLING IN ENGLAND.

The Custom Not Wholly Extinct Even at the Present Day.

French travelers, when describing the moral and social aspect of England, rarely forget to inform their readers that it is customary in this country for men to sell their wives, like any ordinary chattel, in open market—a fact (for it appears to be) that we, one and all, repudiate. The following paragraph appeared in the part of the Wellington Journal published June 6:

"A Wife Sold in a Halter.—On Monday, at Wakefield, in a case in which Samuel Eccles, a miner of Allerton-Bywater was summoned for the maintenance of his child, it was elected that defendant and his wife had been separated since June, 1887, and that the woman was sold in a halter in the Borough Market Hotel, Wakefield, for half a guinea, and went away with another man."

As a pendant to this I transcribe the following account from the Lady's Magazine for 1816:

"Smithfield Bargain.—One of those scenes which occasionally disgrace even Smithfield lately took place there, namely, a man exposing his wife for sale. Hitherto we have only seen those moving in the lowest classes of society thus degrading themselves, but the present exhibition was attended with some novel circumstances. The parties, buyer and seller, were persons of property.

"The lady (the object of sale), young beautiful and elegantly dressed, was brought to the market in a coach and exposed to the view of her purchaser, with a silk halter round her shoulders, which were covered with a rich white lace veil. The price demanded for her in the first instance was 80 guineas, but that finally agreed upon was 50 guineas and a valuable horse upon which the purchaser was mounted. The sale and delivery being complete, the lady, with her new lord and master, mounted a handsome curricle which was waiting for them, and drove off, seemingly loath to go. The purchaser in the present case is a celebrated horse dealer in town and the seller a grazier of cattle residing about six miles from London. The intention of these disgusting bargains is to deprive the husband of any right of any prosecution for damages."—Notes and Queries.

Women Physicians.

It is sometimes said, in a sneering way, that the woman who becomes a physician in some degree, at least, unsexes herself. I once heard of this charge being mildly made by a male member of my profession, one of the purest and sweetest minded men I have ever known. The lady physician to whom he made the remark said to him: "Doctor, did you ever stop and think which one it is who is unsexed, the man or the woman? The male doctor enters the very sanctum sanctorum of the home; he treats wives and young girls and stands in the most confidential relations to them. Would he be admitted if he were just an ordinary man? Did you ever stop to think that the male doctor must unsex himself much more than the female doctor? The physician was honest enough to admit that he had never looked at the subject in that light. Really, however, there is no sex in medicine. In the future when we shall have made a little more progress, no such talk will ever be heard; the question will simply be one of competency, as to who can best do this, that or the other thing in the cure of diseases."—Dr. Lucy V. Hall, in the Epoch.

Trying to Get a Fit.

With Stonewall Jackson, straggling, especially during a forward march, was an unpardonable offence; but there was one instance in which it was promptly condoned. During one of the forced marches along in the summer of '62, through the pine and 'simmon regions, he stopped to consult with some general officers till the whole command had passed some distance. Riding forward to the front he discovered a private of his old brigade up a 'simmon tree.

"What are you doing so far in the rear?" cried the general.

"I'm eating 'simmons," said the soldier.

"Why, they're not ripe," said the general, with some sarcasm.

"I know it," said the soldier. "I want 'em green."

"Why do you eat green 'simmons?" said old Blue Light.

"To draw my stomach up to fit my rations," said old Web Foot.

Enough? The hero drew the old slouch cap down over his eyes and rode on abashed and subdued into silence.—Alabama Soldier.

A Sawer on Wings.

The bill of a mosquito is a complex institution. It has a blunt fork at the head and is apparently grooved. Working through the groove and projecting from the angle of the fork is a lance of perfect form, sharpened with a fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance looks like a hand saw. On either side of the lance two saws are arranged, with the points fine and sharp and the teeth well refined and keen. The backs of these saws play against the lance.

When the mosquito alights with its peculiar hum, it thrusts its keen lance and then enlarges the aperture with the two saws, which play beside the lance until the forked bill with its capillary arrangement for pumping the blood can be inserted. The sawing process is what grates upon the nerves of the victim and causes him to strike wildly at the sawyer. —Journal of Health.

The Irony of Fate.

A couple of tramps were sitting on the dock at the Michigan Central station looking out over the water and tossing watermellon rinds into the stream.

"I hate the luxuries of life," said one, in thoughtful mood.

"What fer?" inquired his companion in surprise.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, languidly. "I s'pose, though, it's on the principle of familiarty breedin' contempt. I don't know any other reason fer it."

The other one hit him in the neck with a melon rind and rolled over behind a truck.—Detroit Free Press.

A Curious Exhibit.

There is on exhibition in a show window in Butte, Mont., a very large moose horn grafted into the base of a tree. It has been in that position for years, as the tree has grown around it so as to get such a grip on it that cutting the wood away is the only means of separating the two. It is evident that at some remote period the monarch of the woods was caught in a tree, and in trying to extricate himself the horn was broken off.

Strategy.

"Brownston has cured his wife of everlasting talking."

"How, for goodness sake?"

"He told her that she looked prettier with her mouth closed, and now she can hardly be induced to utter a syllable."—Detroit Free Press.

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[illegible]

What have you won of good,
Or what of hope and joying
That you for aye must hold
Beyond Time's swift destroying?

Have you helped bear a load,
Else far too great for bearing,
Along life's rocky road,
Where rich and poor are faring?

Have you the lamp of light
In error's darkness lighted?
And kept your weapons bright
Where wrongs were to be righted?

Have you moved from the way
The stone whereon you stumbled,
Lest feet that follow may
By it, like yours, be humbled?

Where faint words sought the light,
And died for lack of credence,
Have yours for truth and right
Had no uncertain cadence?

Have you to those that grieve
Your tear of sorrow given?
Or led, 'twixt morn and eve,
One weak soul nearer heaven?

Then count your work well done,
Heed not the worldly scoffer,
That points to coin unwon,
Hid in the great world's coffer.

Each smile, each word, each deed,
Each tear that you have given
To bless another's need,
Is wealth for you in heaven.

—Beth Day in Housekeepers' Weekly.

One Indian Held a Regiment at Bay.

There was one feature of the fight between the Seventh Cavalry and the Sioux at Wounded Knee which indicates in the most unmistakable manner the effect of modern firearms on the defensive, and which is without a parellel in history.

After the fight was over and the Indians had been killed or captured the cavalry set to work to bury the dead. Suddenly a shot was heard, and a horse fell, wounded. The troops were puzzled to know where the shot came from, but their mysterfication was soon ended by a puff of smoke from the top of a chimney-like rock on a neighboring bluff, the ring of a rifle ball followed by the whip-like crack of a Winchester. An Indian shot through the shoulder, had managed to drag himself self to the rock, and was firing upon the troops as fast as he could pull the trigger in his disabled condition. A squad was detailed to silence him, but so well was he covered that not a shot could reach him, while his bullets were sent to all parts of the battleground.

The fact was finally recognized that the solitary wounded Indian with his Winchester completely dominated the field, and that it would cost half a dozen lives to dislodge him. As it was not considered worth while to go to that expense, the only thing to be done was to march off. The regiment accordingly withdrew, having been fairly driven off by one wounded man. I know of no similar incident in authentic history.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

English as She is Spoke.

A notice displayed in a Norway hotel is a curious specimen of "English as she is spoke." It reads as follows: "Bath! first-class bath. Can anybody get. Tushbath. Warm and Cold. Tub-bath and Shower-bath. At any time. Except Saturday. By two hours forebore." This brings to mind another specimen of foreigners' English, displayed on a notice posted up in an art exhibition in Japan to which foreigners were welcomed. Here are a few examples of the rules: "Visitors is requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take in with himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievely."

An Englishman in Boulogne saw displayed in a shop window this notice: "Eating and Drinking Sold Here."—Chamber's Journal.

The Meaning of Sock and Buskin.

In the early ages theatricri performers disguised their faces with wine lees or a rude pigment. Eschylus, the famous tragic poet, introduced masks, which were of various kinds, expressing every age, country, condition and complexion. All were constructed with the greatest nicety and precision. The dresses were also adapted to the characters assumed by the actor. What was known as the buskin was a hunting boot. Those worn by tragedians had soles three inches thick, composed of layers of cork, and were laced up in front as high as the calf. Sandals were also worn, and many of these had thick cork soles. The colors of the foot coverings were various, red being the favorite hue for the warriors and purple for other characters. Slaves wore a low shoe, bearing the name of sock, which was also the ordinary footwear of comedians. From this circumstance arose the well-known phrase of "sock and buskin," so generally associated with the drama.—Detroit Free Press.

How Precedent Is Established.

A witness was testifying that he met the defendant at breakfast, and that the latter called the waiter and said:

"One moment," exclaimed the counsel for the defense. "I object to what he said."

Then followed a legal argument of about an hour an a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the Court decided that the witness might state what was said.

"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

"Well," replied the witness, "he said: 'Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes.'"—Boston Globe.

Belgium's Queen.

The Queen of the Belgians is one of the most active among the lady sovereigns of Europe. It is said of her that she never sits down except when playing the piano or the harp, both of which instruments she plays with "the touch of the master hand." Altogether Her Majesty is passionately fond of music, and one of her chief amusements is a visit to the theatre or opera, where, however, she is content to sit all alone in her box rather than weary even a single lady-in-waiting with taking part in an entertainment for which she may possibly have no taste.

Science and Religion Again.

Sunday School Teacher—And now, children, who are we to thank for the beautiful sunshine, and, more than all, the health giving rains with which we are blessed?

Texas Class (in unison)—Uncle Jerry Rusk.—Denver Sun.

A COLLEGE FOR CATS.

BOSTON CULTURE HAS STRUCK THIS NOTION AT LAST.

A University for Feline Education—Where Kittens Will Be Taught Amusing Tricks and Introduced to the Nine Muses—Other Boston Fads.

It is only recently that Boston established a first-class hospital for cats. In the spacious grounds which surround it is a pleasant back fence on which convalescent cats may hold concerts. In the nursery attached to the kittens' ward are wooden mice, which run on springs, for the kittens to play with.

Another pleasing feature of the institution is a gymnasium full of bright balls of yarn, bounding rubber balls, and minature spiked fences, which afford the cats pleasant recreation and healthful exercise. Small kittens are given gutta percha mice to cut their teeth on. Everything is done for ailing kittens and invalid cats which enlightened philanthropy and humane impulse may suggest. Many cats have already availed themselves of the advantages of the institution.

Among them are cats which have caught cold sleeping on roofs, cats which have cut their feet walking on spiked fences, cats which have become hoarse from over-exerting their voices, and cats which have become prostrated in some backyard by bootjacks. The hospital has a gratifying number of patients and it is expected that many more will be received as soon as the new cat ambulance is finished.

Pleased with the success of this humane undertaking for promoting the good health and increasing the average duration of life among cats, the excellent people of Boston are about to launch a new enterprise for their benefit. A movement has been begun among a large circle of intellectual people for the higher culture of cats. It is proposed to take cats when they are kittens, and carefully train and educate them, just as the Boston children are taken when they are kittens and put through a course of training which brings them as far as Browning when they are eight and enables them to leave Hegel for Shoppenhauer at fourteen.

The kittens are to be put to school. Primary and secondary schools are to be founded for them, and the system of education is to be crowned by a cat university. The kittens will begin in a kindergarten, where they will be taught to play with balls of yarn.

When they get to be proficient, so that they can pass an examination in pursuing a ball of yarn, they will be promoted to the grammar school. Here they will be taught amusing tricks and pleasing ways. They will be instructed how to mew when they want milk, how to walk across the drawing-room floor and how to amuse the children.

At the cat university they will finish their education. This is a high institution of learning, and only kittens that have been weaned will be admitted to it. Here the bright young cats will study the moral philosophy of canary birds and goldfish. They will pursue natural philosophy, so that they may be able to select the warmest side of the fireplace on Winter nights. They will pay especial attention to the natural history of rats and mice, and will have daily laboratory practice in catching them. In the last term of their course they will give practical exhibitions of catching mice and rats.

After they have passed their final examinations the cats will be graduated. The successful candidates will read essays on the mews of Poetry and the mews of History. They will receive diplomas and will be decorated with blue ribbons. They will go out into the world as "Doctors of Rats" and "Bachelors of Mice."

It is proposed to found at the University a "Cats' Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Canary Birds," as well as a "Kittens' Association for the Protection of Canary Birds." Some Boston enthusiasts think that cats have a language, and it is proposed to ground the cats well in Philology. If any subjunctive mood is discovered in the cats' language, all the kittens will be set to learn it early, and they will be thoroughly grounded in it.

The "Boston Association for the Higher Culture of Cats" intends to do all it can for elevating the feline race, and will pay especial attention to the breeding of fine cats. It believes that cats may be improved just as dogs and chickens have been improved. It intends to hold annual cat shows, which will be a feature of Boston life, and to use its utmost efforts for the social elevation of cats.

Why People Get Married.

Though it is very common to reproach old bachelors with their celibacy, and to pity old maids as if single blessedness were a misfortune, yet many married people have seen fit to offer apologies for having entered into what some profane wag has called the "holy bands of padlock." One man says he got married to get a housekeeper, another to get rid of bad company.

Many women declare they got married for the sake of a home; few acknowledge that their motive was to get a husband. Goethe averred that he got married in order to be "respectable." John Wilkes said he took a wife "to please his friends." Wycherly, who espoused his housemaid, said he did it to "spite his relations."

A widow who married a second husband said she wanted him to condole with her for the loss of her first. Another, because she thought a wedding would "amuse the children." Another to get rid of incessant importunity from a crowd of suitors.

Old maids who get married invariably assure their friends that they thought they could be "more useful" as wives than as spinsters. Nevertheless Quilp gives it as his opinion that nine-tenths of all persons who marry, whether widows or widowers, spinsters or bachelors, do so for the sake of getting married.—London Tid-Bits.

Waited for Himself.

Ex-Gov. Furnas, of Nebraska, tells this story of Judge Broady, of Omaha. On one occasion Judge Broady left his office, and on the outer door posted a card with the words: "Be back again in ten minutes. Take a seat and wait." "At the foot of the stair," says Gov. Furnas, "Judge Broady happened to remember that he had forgotten something. Slowly he climbed the steps and once more he became submerged in his own thoughts. At the door of his own office he paused and read the card on the door. Then the Judge deliberately sat down and waited for himself to come back."

Rather an Ambiguous Assurance.

"I hope my visits are not disagreeable to you," he said.

"Not at all," she politely answered.

"I have sometimes thought that I wearied you."

"Oh, no. No matter how gloomy I feel when you call, I am always happy when you go."—N. Y. Press.

ADDTIONAL LOCALS.

—Warm nights.

—Warmer days.

—Topping fodder.

—Beautiful weather this.

—Business men's carnival.

—Cider making still the go.

—Apple paring parties is a rural diversion.

—The glass works start up next Thursday.

—The curb market continues as good as ever.

Who will be the next to bow to cupids will?

—The tomato crop is past the zenith of its glory.

—This time one year ago the steam heat was being used.

—Buy your tickets for the business men's jubilee. It will be helping along a grand cause.

—A letter received from Williamsport states that the black diphtheria is raging in that city.

—The County Commissioners' convention for 1891 will be held in Lancaster on the 29th instant.

—Commissioner's clerk Hunter got a finger badly stoved up while playing ball on Friday afternoon.

—Mr. Heyland, an aged gentlemen and resident of Snow Shoe Intersection, was found dead in bed this morning. Cause or further particulars not known.

—There are some young men in this town who are always complaining because they can get no employment and who are too indolent to work when offered a situation.

—On the eve of October 2 the Hebrew New year 5.652 begins and the same will be observed by all persons of that faith. The Orthodox Hebrews keep two days as holidays.

—Tickets are now on sale at Garman & Lukenbach's gents furnishing store for the business men's jubilee next Thursday night. If you want a good seat you had better get it at once.

—We wish the fellow who attends to the electricity up on East Lamb street would put up a lamp at the corner of Lamb and Ridge as the people of that neighborhood have been groping in darkness long enough.

—Bunker Hill is just as nice a hill as any other that we ever heard of. No ghosts, tragedies or anything awful ever happened there, and yet it is a fact that there are eleven vacant houses there all the same.

—At the democratic constitutional convention for this Senatorial district, held in Lock Haven on Wednesday, William A. Bigler, of Clearfield, and Ellis H. Orvis, of this place, were elected delegates to the proposed State Constitutional Convention.

To Meet in Williamsport.

The fifth annual convention of Christian Endeavor societies of the state of Pennsylvania, which meets in Williamsport on October 6, 7 and 8, promises to be an unusually large gathering of the young people. Already extensive preparations are being made in all parts of the state toward the sending of large delegations. It is expected that this will be the largest gathering since the organization of the state union. The Pennsylvania railroad has granted a reduced rate of two cents per mile from all points on their line, and those desiring to go should forward at once to Mr. J. Howard Breed, room 604, Girard building, Philadelphia, their request for orders for tickets at this rate.

BEDFAST FOR 31 YEARS.

Joseph Rothrock, son of the late Dr. Isaac Rothrock, says the Lewistown Free Press, is now being cared for at the hospitable residence of William Howe, near Mitland. Mr. Rothrock is a pitiable sight. From spinal affection he has been confined to his bed lor thirty-one years and blind for twenty-eight years. He subsists on the plainest and mildest food and has not tasted bread for twenty years. From having the Bible read to him he can quote whole chapters therefrom verbatim et literatim. Mr. Rothrock's hearing is actue and his conversational powers are supurb. He is now probably aged about 50 years.

The Grand Duchess Paul Dead.

Moscow, September, 24.— The grand Duchess Paul, wife of the Grand Duke Paul Alexanderovitch, youngest brother of the Czar of Russia, is dead, The Grand Duchess was previous to her marriage, the Princess Alexandria of Greece, eldest daughter of King George of Greece. She was born on August 18 1870, at Corfu, and was married June 5, 1889, at St. Petersburg. The late Grand Duchess leaves one daughter, Mary, born April 6, 1890.

A Wonder Worker.

Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found, before, he had used half of a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it, and is today enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble try it. We guarantee satisfactory. Trial bottle free at

C. M. Parrish. Drugstore.

JOHNSTON—WALKE.

ANOTHER BELLEFONTE YOUNG COUPLE ENTER THE SEA OF MATRIMONY.

On Thursday afternoon the interior of the residence of Mr. Henry Walkey, on Logan street was one of beauty and animation, made so by the vast quantities of exquisite flowers so tastefully arranged, and the joyful wedding ceremony which was the cause of all the display. It was promptly at three o'clock that the Rev. Miles O. Noll spoke the solemn words which bound in happy union Mr. Harry E Johnston and Miss Sadie Walkey.

Mrs. George E. Johnston presided at the organ and rendered the ever inspiring Mendelssohu's wedding march as the happy couple marched into the presence of assembled guests and to the waiting minister. The bride looked extremely lovely as the happy couple entered the room. She was attired in a handsome tailor made traveling costume of drab broadcloth, with hat and gloves to match, and carried a bowquet of fragrant tuberoses. The groom looked handsome and manly in a suit of conventional black wearing a small tube. rose as a buttonhole boquet. About forty guests, consisting entirely of the relatives of the contracting parties, were present.

After the ceremony came the congratulations, and these were perfectly showered on the young couple. An incident worthy of note is the fact that after all present had tendered congratulations to the bride and groom a large dog, which has belonged to Mr. Walkey eleven years, came into the room and, after very politely touching his nose to the bride's dress, departed with apparently as much dignity as any of the guests. The refreshments, furnished by Mr. B. C. Achenbach, were elegant and were partaken of with much zest by those present. The presents were numerous and valuable and showed the high esteem in which both the young people were held. One present only we mention, a handsome Antique oak bedroom cabinet, a gift from the groom's brother, Mr. Finley Johnston, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Of the bride can it be said that, aside from possessing a fine outward appearance, she has all the beauty of a lovely mind, and a sunny disposition which has endeared her to a large circle of friends who are sincere in their expressions of best wishes for her happiness in her new position of a loving wife. Of the groom, perhaps all it is necessary to say of him is that he is a son of our much respected townsman and ex-postmaster, Mr. John T. Johnston, and like father like son, honest, upright and industrious, he will make a fitting life partner for the wife of his choice.

The happy couple departed on the 5.20 p. m. train for Altoona, where they were tendered a handsome reception by Mr. Harry Smith and sister, after which they went directly to their own home where everything had been fitted up and arranged for their immediate occupancy, and where their future home will be made, the groom being Altoona's efficient assistant electrician. The NEWS begs to extend its heartfelt congratulations to this newly wedded couple and truly hopes that their matrimonial voyage will be one entirely devoid of shipwreck.

Before closing this article we desire to say that all the compliments which were so generously bestowed on the beautiful arrangement of the floral decorations, belonged properly to Miss Lydie Johnston, whose brain conceived and skillful fingers fashioned the arrangement.

SHOULD A GIRL HESITATE?

A young girl, attractive though not pretty, bright and witty, well read and well bred, whom I love dearly, asked me the other day what I thought was a woman's sweetest hour.

I have since then discovered her reason for asking.

She anticipated my answer with the preface that she thought it was when, having brought the man of her choice to the point of proposing, she keeps him waiting a few moments for her answer, regarding the nature of which she has given no inkling so strong as to make it certain that it will be "yes".

I am also a young girl, three years her senior. I have not yet experienced that "sweet hour"—not, at least, from a welcome source. Still, I can well understand that to see and feel the anxiety of one's lover, and to know that it is all caused for love of you, should constitute unbounded happiness.

Yet my friend's idea strikes me as somewhat insincere and a trifle cruel. Were I ever called upon to answer the most important question of my life, propounded by the man of heart, I would find keener joy in unhesitatingly saying "yes," than to feign a doubtfulness I did not feel.

A little beating about the bush at the outset is, perhaps, proper enough, but, when you have assured yourself that you are dealing with an honest man, that loves you, I think that all parrying and diplomacy had better be supplanted by frankness and sincerity. I think the honorable wooer is entitled to as much information as he has imparted to his sweetheart.—*New York Herald.*

$500 Reward.

A reward of $500 has been offered by the Union county commissioners for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties guilty of the murder of Alexander Stover, late of Hartley township, Union county, who was last seen May 15th, in the coaling at Trutt's saw mill in Hartley township, and is supposed by his friends to have been murdered. Stover is a native of Aaronsburg and at one time was employed by D. J. Meyer at the Centre Hall hotel. He disappeared very mysteriously and the supposition is that he was murdered or otherwise foully dealt with.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

ROUGH MATERIALS STYLES IN MAKING MILLINERY COLORS.

The most conspicuous feature in new hats, is the large proportion of pointed crowns for both young and middleaged. Toques are small with pointed crowns, and the Vassar-Sailor now comes with a "Tam O' Shanter" crown: the only variety which will be really stylish during the coming season. Large flaring hats of velvet, trimming with ribbon and feathers will be much warn, but the trimming is no longer massed at the back the feathers are curled over and lie almost flat on one side of the brim: with this style also, a soft crown or "Tam O' Shanter" will be used. Bonnets are very small and about the same shape as those of the past summer. Velvet will be the trimming of the season, and yet will be seen with anything and everything. Beautiful little hats are a net-work of jet or iridescent beads, turned up at the back with narrow fluted brims in front. Yellow will be the leading color in millinery, combined with all stylish hues, and green in six shades will be scarcely less popular. Ribbons are broaded, plain, shaded moire, double paced satin and pean de soie, of which milliners predict that the last named will be more generally used than any other.

COMBINATION

will not be much employed this season, but costumes will be often of one material throughout, even in the most pronounced patterns: and with the exception of velvet collar and sleeves which are admissible all rough fabrics will be Tailor-made, and large buttons constitute the sole trimming. In princesse dresses, the fullness is laid in one large box plait at the back, and among new costumes, it is noticable that quite as many are made with the bell skirt as in the princesse style, therefore it may be safely predicted that the former will remain in favor during the entire season. As the fall styles, show a continuance of long waists, the R & G is undoubtedly the corset of the hour, being so graceful in its outline, that all who understand the true art of dress, prefer it above all others. Jacket effects in front and long basque backs are seen in new dresses, and the slightly pointed basque has been too great a decidedly longer and will be worn more than ever, both as a waist and as an out door garment.

VERONA CLARKE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

School Savings Bank System.

The school savings bank system will go into operation in the public schools in this city on Friday morning, which will be deposit day for the children every week. They will hand the amount they desire to deposit to the teacher, who will keep the account with each scholar, and the teacher will turn over the entire amount to the principal of the building, who will keep accounts with all the teachers. This makes a pleasant and easy division of the work here, while in most other places the principal is saddled with the entire burden. This plan is Directer Morlock's and in this respect differs as above specified from all others. After the amounts in the hands of each teacher have been handed to the principal, it will be his duty to deposit the amount in the bank the same day in the name of the principal of each building.

One cent or upward can be received by the teacher. When a pupil has a deposit of two dollars or more, a bank book will be given, free of charge, from the bank. Deposits should remain in bank as long as possible, except in case of sickness or removal from city, but if the deposit should be withdrawen, and the amount has been less than three dollars, the bank will charge ten cents for the bank book.

Deposits of five dollars and over will bear interest.

The bank books of the pupils are kept by the principal as long as they attend school. If they want to leave school, or at vacation, the book will be given to them, and they can withdraw their money if they so desire, but they will require the presence of their father and mother, and the signature of the principal. During the summer vacation of the school, deposits may be made or money withdrawn from the bank direct, the cashier acting, during that time, for the teacher, but if the applicant is unknown to the cashier, he must be indentified before receiving the money.—L. H. *Democrat.*

Why not establish a school savings bank system in Bellefonte? It works in every other place in which it was evet tried and there is no doubt but that it would work here, and then it is a good thing.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases"

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruption on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curitive powers are possessed by any other remedy.

Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment. s24-1y

NINE MEN WERE KILLED.

TERIABLE WRECK ON THE PITTSBURGH AND WESTERN ROAD.

New Castle, Pa., September 23.—A terrible wreck occurred this morning on the Pittsburgh and Western railroad at McKim's siding, a station a short distance on the other side of Zelienopie, Butler county. At this point a work train with a force of fifty men was engaged in putting down a new track. About 8 o'clock the work train got out of the way of a freight train going west, but the crew did not know that a second section of the same number was following five minutes later. The work train again pulled out on the main track and the men were engaged in throwing off dirt when the second section struck the work train with great force. Cars were piled up in a shapeless mass, the engines were a mass af broken iron and wood, and the hot steam and boiling water poured over the unfortunate men caught in the jam.

For a moment after the collission there was silence then the shrieks of the dying, making a scene so terriable that one of the trainmen who had escaped injury fainted with horror. Several arms and legs were found in different places, and the head of an Italian was found twenty feet away from the body. The leading engineer—Howden—who had bravely done his best to stop his engine, which was attached to freight train, was found wedged in a shape less mass of iron. By 11 o'clock the bodies of eight Italian laborers were taken from the wreck, and, with the killing of Engineer John Howden, this swells the number of deaths to nine.

At this writing the exact cause of the accident cannot be learned, but, as usual it is said that a mistake was made by the trainmen, who, it is said, failed to correctly interpret the signal. The coroner of Butler county has been sent for, and will begin his official inquest at once. All the trains were delayed, but the large force of men at work will soon clear the track. The names of the Italians could not be learned, but they all shanty in and around Zelienople.

ALMOST KILLED.

I was almost killed by the doctors, who treated me for bleeding piles. It cost me over $100 without relief. I took Sulphur Bitters for two months, and now I am well.—*Gus Hall, Troy, N. Y.*

Pitcher's Castoria.

ONE POUND
PEOPLES
HORSE AND CATTLE
POWDERS
TRADE MARK.
CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Heaves at once. *Manufactured by the*

IOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, N. Y.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

Tutt's Pills

To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties.

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

Sold Everywhere.

BEFORE YOU BUY A STEAM ENGINE OR BOILER

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

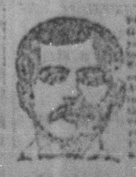
ATLAS ENGINE WORKS,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

CONSUMPTIVE
Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.

KINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

HIRES ROOT BEER
THE GREAT HEALTH DRINK.
Package makes 5 gallons. Delicious, sparkling and refreshing. Sold by all dealers. A beautiful Picture Book and cards sent FREE to any one sending address to the C. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



$5,000 a year is being made by John R. Goode in Jersey, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can show you a way to make large pay, right where you live, and home as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, give your spare moments only to the work, or all the time. Great pay SURE for every one who starts at once. Nothing like it ever offered before. Capital not needed. We start you. Everything new. Particulars free. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those who commence at once will soon have a permanent, profitable business. Address TRUE & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not ever take

BLUE PILLS

or mercury, they are dead by. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS immediately Is your Urine thick, ropy, cloudy, or

Don't Wait!

Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use

Sulphur Bitters!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back, but get some at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is

The Invalid's Friend.

The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds.

Don't wait until to-morrow,

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — PURELY — D. WALKER'S — CALIFORNIA — FREE FROM — ALCOHOL

EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

GRANDEST - MODERN - DISCOVER

Triumph of Pharmacy

The only true practical

ELIXIR OF LIFE AND HEALTH.

Is one that promotes digestion, improves the appetite, cleanses the liver, purifies the blood, and stimulates brain and nerves without *injurious reaction*, and one that may be taken alike by adult or infant. Profane compounds, made of vile rum or bad whiskey, sweetened and flavored, under the titles of bitters, tonics, &c, produce effects far worse than the disease for which they are taken.

Vinegar Bitters is a pure tonic, a nervine without being narcotic, a purifier without poison, a liver tonic without purging, and above all, a life-giving stimulant without alcohol. The only medicine with such powers *in the world.*

A GENUINE TEMPERANCE BEVERAGE,

far surpassing alcohol in any shape as a tonic it might be called

LIQUID LIFE,

since it stimulates, invigorates and regulates digestion, nutrition, secretion, excretion, respiration, and all the functions whereby life is maintained—we literally take in *vitality in spoonfuls.*

It is too much to assert that *the equal of Vinegar Bitters does not exist*, as no counterpart or compound with similar virtues has ever been known

CALIFORNIA,

if remarkable for nothing else, would be immortalized by the production of the medicinal fruits roots and herbs of which this Bitters is composed. Many of them used by the Indians and the medical profession in the treatment of chills and fevers rheumatism, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia headaches, liver complaint, kidney disease, jaundice, gout, piles, boils, skin diseases, &c., &c., too numerous to mention, but easily understood when the action of the Bitters on the vital functions is remembered. The discovery was partly accidental but the present

PERFECT BITTERS IS THE RESULT OF SCIENCE.

Millions of sufferers have gratefully and gladly endorsed, during the past quarter of a century the wonderful success of this

PHENOMENAL TONIC OF THE WORLD

In order to meet every probable demand, two formulas of the same ingredients are now put up.

THE OLD STYLE IS STRONGER, SLIGHTLY BITTER, AND MORE CATHARTIC.

THE NEW STYLE, PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, AND EXPRESSLY ADAPTED TO FELICATE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

REMEMBER,

There is *no disease* of low vitality, deficient of functions, or nervous prostration for which

VINEGAR BITTERS IS NOT CURATIVE,

and its singular power over the lower organisms renders it the implacable foe of

THE DEADLY MICROBE AND OMNIPRESENT BACTERIA

in malarial diseases, Cholera, consumption, internal diseases, &c., and as great is its power as a germicide that it is an

UNEQUALLED VERMIFUGE.

A book could be written of its virtues, and another of testimonials, but it is only necessary to remember its general action upon the liver, blood brain and nerves, to realize its use in a majority *of the ills that flesh is heir to, and that no family should ever be without a bottle of*

OLD AND NEW STYLE VINEGAR BITTER IN THE HOUSE.

Send for our Ladies book. Address

Address R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO
2 Washington St. New York

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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POSITION SURE. Good Compensation
LESSONS BY MAIL OR AT COLLEGE.
REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME TABLE, Dec. 21, 1890.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	A.M	P.M
		Westward		
LOCK HAVEN		8 30	2 45	6 10
Flemington	1.5	8 45	2 58	6 23
Mill Hall	5.9	8 55	3 22	6 36
Beech Creek	8.3	9 05	3 34	6 48
Eagleville	9.9	9 09	3??	6 52
Howard	14.5	9 07	3 48	6 49
Mt. Eagle	17.7	9 14	3 56	6 55
Curtin	19.6	9 18	10 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	9 26	10 12	5 10
BELLEFONTE	25.2	9 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.8	9 45	10 37	5 29
Snow Shoe Int.	34.5	9 48	10 [illegible]	5 32
Unionville	36.8	9 55	10 45	5 41
Julian	39.8	10 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	9 54	11 09	5 39
Fort Matilda	40.4	10 21	11 17	6 06
Hannah	43.7	10 27	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler	43.0	10 39	11 42	6 18
Dix	45.6	10 33	11 52	6 18
Bald Eagle	49.5	10 50	12 [illegible]	6 34
Vail	51.2	10 44	11 02	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	10 48	11 06	6 33
TYRONE	54.4	10 55	11 10	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	P.M.	P.M.
		Eastward		
TYRONE		8 19	2 10	7 15
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	2 17	7 22
Vail	3.1	8 20	2 20	7 28
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	2 24	7 33
Dix	8.6	8 30	2 30	7 39
Fowler	9.3	8 32	2 33	7 42
Hannah	10.6	8 36	2 37	7 46
Fort Matilda	13.9	8 42	2 44	7 55
Martha	17.3	8 51	2 53	8 06
Julian	21.4	8 59	3 01	8 15
Unionville	23.8	9 10	3 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int.	29.5	9 18	3 18	8 35
Milesburg	29.8	9 22	3 20	8 39
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	3 30	8 49
Milesburg	36.3	9 47	3 40	9 01
Curtin	36.6	9 01	3 47	9
Mt Eagle	36.5	10 06	3 55	9
Howard	39.8	10 14	4 02	
Eagleville	41.4	10 20	4 10	
Beech Creek	44.0	10 30	4 16	9 45
Mill Hall	51.3	10 [illegible]	4 24	10 03
Flemington	55.7	10 50	4 32	10 13
LOCK HAVEN	60.3	11 00	4 40	10 [illegible]

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
0	5 05	1 51	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5	5 25	10 21	5.3 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5	5 27	10 23	8.7 Pennsylvania Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5	5 44	10 34	10.5 Pennington	15.0	8 50	4 08
5	5 50	10 56	12.3 Mereness	13.0	8 43	4 01
5	5 57	10 52	12.8 Lorrville	12.1	8 37	3 55
6	6 04	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road	10.0	8 31	3 48
6	6 08	11 02	15.5 Bungarvin	9.8	8 27	3 46
6	6 18	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 39
6	6 28	11 20	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6	6 49	11 37	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6	6 59	11 40	26.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.15 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.55 p m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 5.20 p m. arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward				Eastward
	(a.m.)	(p.m.)		(a.m.)	(p.m.)
0	5.50	2.15	....MONTANDON....	8.30	9.20
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar...LEWISBURG...Lv	8.20	9.10
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv...LEWISBURG...Ar		8.10
5.4	6.30	2.35	.....Biehl.....		8.00
6.8	6.35	2.40	.....Vicksburg.....		7.55
10.7	6.45	2.50	...MIFFLINBURG...		7.45
13.1	6.52	2.57	.....Barber.....		7.38
17.2	6.58	3.04	.....Swengle.....		7.30
17.1	7.00	3.05	.....Millmont.....		7.27
19.8	7.08	3.14	....LAURELTON....		7.17
22.5	7.19	3.25	.....Penns.....		7.06
22.9	7.23	3.28	.....Cherry Run.....		7.03
27.2	7.43	3.48	...Paddy Mt. Tunnel...		6.43
33.2	7.48	3.54	.....Ingleby.....		7.39
36.6	7.53	4.00	.....Coburn.....		7.30
39.6	8.01	4.08	.....Zerby.....		7.21
43.4	8.10	4.17	....Rising Springs....		7.12
48.2	8.18	4.25	.....Penn's Cave.....		7.05
49.7	8.24	4.30	...CENTRE HALL...		6.58
51.6	8.32	4.37	.....Gregg.....		6.51
54.6	8.37	4.43	....Linden Hall....		6.46
56.7	8.42	4.48	.....OAK HALL.....		6.38
58.3	8.46	4.52	.....LEMONT.....		6.34
60.2	8.51	4.57	.....Dale Summit.....		6.29
62.9	9.00	5.06	....Pleasant Gap....		6.19
65.2	9.04	5.10	.....Axemann.....		6.14
67.4	9.10	5.16	...BELLEFONTE...		6.10

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NELSON ..... General Superintendent
S. B. WESTON ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE AND BUFFALO RUN RAILROAD.—On and after Wednesday, August 7, 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAILROAD STATION.

EASTWARD.				WESTWARD.		
No 2	No 4	Dis.	STATIONS	Dis.	No 1	No 3
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 21	5 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE Lv	9.	6 09	2 00
6 13	5 01	17.	.....Scotia.....	1.	6 37	2 09
6 08	4 59	16.	.....Morris.....	2.	6 11	2 18
6 03	4 54	16.	.....Whitmer.....	4.	6 16	2 24
5 59	4 51		.....Linn.....		6 1	2 28
5 57	4 48	12.8	.....Hunters.....	6.8	6 22	2 26
5 53	4 44	11.2	.....Filmore.....	6.8	6 26	2 30
5 47	4 40	9.5	.....Briarly.....	8.8	6 32	2 36
5 43	4 36	8.	.....Waddle.....	10.	6 38	2 43
	4 33		.....Matterns.....			2 45
	4 25		.....Scotiaville.....			2 53
	4 19		.....Bell Bank.....			2 59
5 29	4 9	5.9	.....Struble Creek.....	13	6 46	4 09
5 24	4 2	4.	.....Krumrine.....	15.	7 00	4
5 20	3 59	3.	.....Tadpole.....	16.	7 04	4 5

Train will stop on flag at the market "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Train east and west U V P R and S S Railroads.

Train 6 connects with Trains on the D & R and the S V Branch.

THOS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—Philadelphia and Erie Division.—On and after Dec. 24th 1891.

	WESTWARD	
ERIE MAIL	leave Philadelphia daily	12 25 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 32 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 47 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 30 a m
"	arrive at Erie "	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia "	8 00 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	12 15 p m
"	arrives at Williamsport "	5 05 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	6 16 p m
"	" Renovo "	6 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 15 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 29 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia week days	11 05 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EXP.	leaves Philadelphia "	9 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	2 a m
"	" Williamsport "	10 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	11 p m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves Philadelphia "	5 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	8 p m
"	arrive Williamsport "	2 a m
DAY EXP.	leaves Kane week days	7 15 a m
"	" Renovo "	10 05 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	10 45 a m
"	" Williamsport "	12 05 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg "	4 00 p m
"	" Philadelphia "	7 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leave Renovo "	3 25 p m
"	" Keating Summit "	3 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 25 p m
"	arrive at Harrisburg "	7 35 p m
"	" Philadelphia "	1 50 a m
RENOVO ACCN	leaves Renovo "	4 10 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg "	8 p m
"	" Philadelphia "	3 a m
WMSPORT EXP.	leaves Williamsport "	6 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg "	10 a m
"	" Philadelphia "	6 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. Express.

Erie Mail East and West connects at Lewisburg with Train on Sunbury and Lewisburg R. R.

N. [illegible]

Bellefonte Republican,

To CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

CHAS. L. GATES, - - LESSEE
Editor and Business Manager.

Local Department.

—O'Flynn in Mexico.
—"The Electric Spark."
—Beef cattle seem scarce.
—September is almost gone.
—Rain, rain; isn't it delightful.
—Chestnuts are now in market.
—Only three months more of 1891.
—The glass works start to-morrow.
—Autumn has been with us a week.
—It won't be long until Thanksgiving
—The warm wave seems to have retired.
—The country school will soon commence.
—Some of the maple trees are almost bare of leaves.
—The little rain of Tuesday freshened things up cosiderably.
—Rye is worth one dollar per bushel and very scarce at that.
—Whe you ask for lamb these days you are given a full grown sheep.
—The days are becoming much shorter and the nights corre pondingly longer.
—A slight frost this morning, but hard ly enough to do any great amount of damage.
—The next convention of the Republican State League of clubs will be held in Williamsport.
—Hear the funny verses in the business men's jubilee in the opera house next Thursday night.
—John Henry, aged 39 years, of Philipsburg, was killed by the cars at that place on Saturday.
—It is said there is a man in Howard who has lived there ever since there were but three houses in the town.
—Tyrone wants the arc light and it seems determined to have it. It offers to pay $3,375 per year for the privilege.
—The annual inspection of the Pennsylvania railroad commences to-day. It will take a month or more to complete the tour.
—Wonder how many in Bellefonte can tell the difference now that the stand pipe is in? We know of a goodly number that can't.
—General Hastings delighted a large Philipsburg audience on Friday night with the telling of his "Reminiscences of Johnstown."
—The only campaign of any seeming consequence this year is the McKinley—Campell campaign being waged in Ohio. All the nation has eyes on it.
Hon. John I. McCormick, Rev. Robert Hamill, Ex-Treasurer Cyrus Goss and Rev. Noll were all arrivals in Bellefonte on the Lemont train this morning.
—There seems to be a probability of the business men's jubilee being repeated on Saturday evening, if the attendance on Thursday evening will warrant the same.
—There is a merchant in Bellefonte who has been doing business here for most a score of years and he has never been to Centre Hall, or even anywhere over the mountain.
—The very name of O'Flynn in Mexico is synonomous of considerable amusement, but it is not half so funny as the play of that name, which can be seen in Garman,s apera house next Friday evening.
—Let every young man who is a member of the young Men's Christian Association, and who has tickets for the jubilee to sell, see to it that not one is left unsold You want to pack the house for Thursday night.
—The actors and actresses in "O'Flynn in Mexico" have all been selected with an eye to business. No sticks have been chosen but each and everyone is an artist. See them in the opera house on Friday evening.
—On Monday evening, October the 5th, Atkinson's Jollities will give a capital performance of the comic opera "The Electric Spark," in Garman's opera house. The Atlanta *Constitution* says the "Spark" is full of mirth and good music.
—All the ministers in the the world have been requested to preach a sermon on Sunday, October 11, on the discoverery of America by Columbus. They have been assigned the following text: "Proclaim liberty throught all the lands."
—There is nothing that proves so entertaining as to attend an entertainmens given by home talent. To prove this just go to the business men's carnival on Thursday evening and see for yourself. Our word for it you will come away satisfied that you got more than your money's worth.
—Most all the seats in the auditorium or lower floor of the opera house have already been sold for the business men's carnival to-morrow night, but there are still some good tones on the gallery and in the front rows next the stage. If you want one you should make sure to get it th's evening or you may have to stand. Remember the price is only 35 and 50 cents.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

A BRIEF REPORT OF WHAT WAS DONE BY THIS NOBLE BAND OF WOMEN.

The eighth annual session of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Centre county, was held in the Baptist church Philipsburg, on last Thursday. The fol. fowing brief report we take from the *Journal*:

The convention was called to order at 9 o'clock in the morning by the president, Mrs. John P. Harris, of Bellefonte, who for several years has so acceptably filled this important position. Brief but very interesting devotional services were held, Mrs. Wright reading the scriptures and eading the convention in prayer.

The secretary, Mrs. John S. Gray, then made the address of welcome, a very charming one, which was well received and very greatly appreciated. It was neatly responded to by Mrs. James Harris—Mrs. Pugh and Mrs. Williams speaking in this connection.

Mrs. Harris read an offer from *The Chrisis*, respecting the publication of a special county paper, giving plans, terms, etc. The president appointed Miss Thompson and Miss Switzer to investigate the matter.

A paper was read by Annie Switzer on the "Temperance Temple." Mrs. Harris followed with an extract from the *Union Signal* on the same subject. A discussion followed, and Mrs. James Harris made a motion, which was carried, to the effect that one hundred dollars be given to place Centre county on the memorial tablet in Willard Hall. Mrs. Pugh and Mrs. Foster each donated $10.00 for their respective unions; Mrs. Jackson $10.00 for Port Matilda; Mrs. John P. and Mrs. James Harris each $10.00 and Mrs. Beck $5.00 for Bellefonte; Mrs. Berket $10.00 for Stormstown; Miss Switzer $25.00 for Philipsburg "Y's."

Mrs. Mitchel, the county treasurer, was appointed to write to and solicit from each local union in behalf of the temple.

Mrs. Twitmire made a plea for financia; aid for her department, and on motion of the secretary $5.00 was apportioned.

The county treasurer made her report, which showed an expenditure of $348. 08 for the past year, with a balance in the treasury of $32.72.

Mrs. W. H. Lingenfelter, superintendent of the department of franchise, gave an interesting report, after which the committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, That as mothers and wives, living in this age when the great struggle between the saloon and the home demand not only our home influence but our political influence as well, we will labor more zealously to educate public sentiment in favor of equal rights to all,

Resolved, That as the laws regarding the liquor traffic endanger the morals of our citizens, we as a temperance organization will use our influence for candidates pledged to the cause of temperance irrespective of party.

Resolved, That we use our influence for the closing of the World's Exposition on the Sabbath.

Resolved, That we renew our allegiance to our State and National union.

Resolved, That this convention manifest their grateful appreciation of the kindness of the ladies of Philipsburg for receiving us in their homes and for beautifying our place of meeting.

Resolved, That we return our thanks to the trustees for the use of their church, and also the press of the county for their services.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the teachers and directors for their attention to Mrs. Latshaw's address.

The resolutions were adopted *seriatim*, and finally as a whole.

The president called attention to Sept. 30th as a day of fasting and prayer for the National and World's convention to be held in Boston November 13th.

The "world's petition" was passed for signatures, and received a goodly number of names.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. John P. Harris.
Vice president—Mrs. James Harris.
Corresponding secretary—Miss Eliza M. Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.
Recording secretary—Mrs. J. S. Gray.

These officers are the same as have been serving for several years, and their reelection is an evidence of the esteem in which they are held and the satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their duties. Mrs. Harris was escorted to the chair and given the chautauqua salute.

Centre Hall was selected as the piace for holding the next meeting, at the call of the central executive committee.

The minutes of the executive committee were read.

Miss Valentine sent in her resignation, which was accepted with regret.

W. H. KEMBLE DEAD.

PHILADELPHIA, September 27.—William H. Kemble, ex-state treasurer, died this morning of heart failure. Kemble's death occurred shortly after midnight. He had been around as usual during the day and had retired about 10.30 o'clock. Shortly after going to bed he felt an attack of heart trouble, from which he had been suffering for years, coming on and his physician was sent for. Medical assistance, however, was powerless and death soon ended his sufferings. Kemble had been warned long ago that he must give up active participation in business affairs if he wished to prolong his life. He heeded this warning and was gradually severing his connection with various street railway enterprises which he had, along with his partners, Messrs. Elkins and Widner, connected himself. His death occurred at his beautiful country home, "Marylawn," about two miles from Jenkintown, Pa.

HUMAN NATURE.

There is nothing which a man who has a pretty favorable opinion of himself is so unwilling to accept as advice. He will take almost anything else. Especially is this true of one of that kind if he is elected to an office—that of coucilman, for instance—or is placed in some responsible position where fitness in the occupant is presupposed. He looks on himself as having been selected from among his fellows on account of his superior qualifications and feels that he is competent to discharge the duties of his office unaided and alone. If you go to him with a suggestion as to how this or that public interest should be managed it is quite probable that, while mentally admitting the wisdom of your plan, he will proceed to show you that while it would be a good one to follow under certain circumstances, in this particular instance it would not work at all. It would never do for him to admit that one who did not hold an office had better ideas of how things should be done than he had himself. He would rather have the public interest suffer than concede that there was anything pertaining to his official duties that he diden't know all about. He therefore pursues his own course, and if it turns out to be unwise and injurious, he has no trouble in charging the result to altered circumstances or the blunders and incompetency of some one else.

ACTORS ALL OF THEM.

In the history of theatricals the array of talent will certainly be added to by recording the names of the splendid preformers who portrayed the numerous characters in the play of "O'Flynn in Mexico." Every one an artist selected from the leading companies of the country, and assigned to parts especially adapted to them. In this play we have three elements of comedy: The witty Irshman among the Mexicans, with numerous songs and uproarious remarks; the Negro servant with funny sayings, and the nearest song and dance we ever witnessed; then the fast talking old lady, played on the Neil Burgess style by a gentle man 6½ feet high, whose song and eccentric dance brought numerous recalls. The little heroine of the play came in for a large share of applause, and won the vast audience from the start with the Carmencita dance, and also some very pretty songs. What an abundance of good things. The dramatic portion of the entertainment left a great impression, and received strong encomiums from all those present.

There is a large demand for seats to-day.—Boston Globe, May 3.

Will be in Garman's opera house on Friday, the 2nd of October. Seats now on sale at the usual place.

IN MEMORIUM.

Samuel W. Highland, born in Franklin County, Pa., on July 20th, A. D. 1816, and who later came to Centre county and first married to Elizabeth Rhinehart, and after her death to Nancy E. Camp, two sons being the offspring of the former union and four sons and three daughters of the latter. Mrs. Camp Highlands having also died, the family was scattered and Mr. H. took up his residence at least for part of the time, with Mr. Lewis Aikeys, at Snow Shoe Intersection, was generally in ordinary health, not so good however during the last year. On last Thursday he complained of headache, was helping put away fruit and on Friday morning not getting up as usual, was found dead in his bed, life evidently having but shortly before left his body. His funeral took place on Sunday morning and his remains were interred in the Union Cemetery in Bellefonte. Two of his sons from Indiana and one son and two daughters from this State, together with a number of acquaintances were among those present to honor his memory. The bereaved have our sympathy in their affliction. Services conducted by the writer. J. ZEIGLER.

News About Yourself.

The average number of teeth is 32.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 pounds.

The brain of a man is twice as large as that of any other animal.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upwards of 7 hogsheads in a day.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 beats per minute: in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60.

The average weight of an Englishman is about 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a German, 146 pounds.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 19,666 feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours, equal to 125 cubic inches common air.—London *Answer*.

Beech Creek Miners May Strike.

PHILLIPSBURG, PA. Sept. 27.—Miner's mass meetings were held at several points in the Beech Creek coal region yesterday at which resolutions were adopted demanding that the Saturday half holiday be made permanent. The operators are opposed to granting the demand, and there is a strong posibility that a strike may be the result.

—There seems to be considerable moving going on now-a-days.

BEAUTY AND PLEASURE.

BUSINESS MEN'S CARNIVAL'S PROVE A GRAND SUCCESS.

On behalf of the business men's carnival to be held in this place Thursday evening, we might say that no social entertainment of any kind whatever has ever yet met with anyways near the success the carnival has in places where it has been held some time ago Lock Haven had such a treat and the newspapers of that city were profuse in their praise of it. The opera house was crowded almost to snffocation, and there but 61 business places were represented. In Bellefonte next Thursday night just double that number, or 120 places will be represented and the costumes and characters selected will be both pleasing and amusing, while the literary part of the entertainment has been gotten up with an eye to originality and entertainment.

It must be remembered, however that the evening will not be entirely taken up with recitation but there will be music and marches. The State College Orchestra of ten pieces will be present: a trio of young ladies will render vocal music and a double quartet of male voices will also be heard. And then in conclusion the entire one hundred and twenty young ladies will render a grand chorus. Oh, it will be grand! Don't fail to go and taken your entire family. Give the young men a rousing jubilee and a grand benefit, and the town will be better for it.

Got a Drink by Telephone.

An elegant stranger walked into a saloon Monday, and asked leave to use the telephone.

"Certainly," said the polite bartender.

The visitor walked to the phone rang the bell, and, probably without waiting for an answer, gave a number.

"Is that Mr. B's residence?" he asked, giving the name of a prominent and wealthy citizen.

"Is Mr. B. there?"

"Well, when he comes, will you please tell him that I can't come up to dinner to-night.

This is Mr. Hendrickson.

"Yes, Mr. Oliver Hendrickson."

"I am sorry, too, but a business engagement makes it impossible. I will call to-morrow. Good-by."

He stepped away from the instrument, thanked the barkeeper, and said:

"Give me a gin fizz, please."

He swallowed the drink, ordered an imported cigar, lit, it, and then discovered that he had no change. Looked embarrassed, and then gave his name again. "Mr. Oliver Hendrickson. I'li be in to-morrow and fix it," he said.

The barkeeper didn't kick at all, the telephone conversation had fixed it. Mr. Hendrickson hasn't "come in" yet, nor has he "fixed it." The drink mixer doesn't remember the telephone number that the fellow used, but he is sure it wasn't the number of the prominent citizen's call.

County Fair Excursions.

On account of agricultural and mechanical county fairs to be held at various points on the line of its connections, the Beech Creek Railroad will place excursion ticket on sale at reduced rates from all stations on its line as follows:

To Milton Pa, September 29—30 October 1st and 2nd good to return on or before October 3rd.

To Danville Lewisburg and Hughesville, October 6, 7, 8, 9 good to return until October 10.

Beech Creek trains make close connections at Williamsport for all of the points named thus affording an opportunity to spend five or six hours at one of the points and return home same evening.

One Shot and the Other Captured.

Eau Claire, Wis. September 23.—Three employes of a dry goods firm, who sleep over the store, were awakened yesterday morning by two burglars. They rushed down stairs and fired at the men, mortally wounding one, who gave his name as Wm. Harriman. Last night the proprietor and one of the clerks, while looking through the clothing department, found the second burglar hid under a counter. A fierce struggle ensued, but Mathews, the proprietor, finally felled the burglar by a blow on the temple with a cane, and he was pinioned and his revolver taken from him. When landed in jail the burglar gave his name as Frank Bender.

Granted a Charter.

The Susquehanna and Buffalo Railroad company, with a capital of $180,000, was granted a charter yesterday. The road is to be fifteen miles long, starting from the Philadlphia and eErie railroad, near Cook's Run, Clinton county, and running to the headwaters of Trout Run, in the same county. The directors are John R. T. Ryan, Garrett D. Tinsman, Joseph C. Russell, David Bly, Edwin B Rowley, Hiram A. Mirrman and Albert D. Hermance, Williamsport: Allen D. Russell, Pine, and Jame H. Snow, New York.

Probably a Canard.

BERLIN, September 23.—In this city the alleged speech of the grand duke of Baden, in which according to the Siecle, of Paris, he expressed the belief that the time was near "when Germany must again unsheath the sword in her independence against an enemy who has not learned prudence by a bloody defeat," is discredited. It is said that the grand duke's only public utterance, so far as known, was that in which he expressed his satisfaction to the citizens of Saar-Louis, in Rhenish Prussia, that Germans were always united when the emperor and the empire were in question.

Personal Pencilings.

Miss Kittie Bauer, of this place, is visiting in Altoona.

Col. J. L. Spangler arrived home on Saturday evening.

Mr. Al. Kline has gone to Philadelphia to attend lectures on Pharmacy.

Rev. William Laurie, D. D. went to State College to preach on Sunday.

Squire Courter and Mr. Long, of Eagleville, were visitors in Bellefonte Friday evening.

John Elliot, a very promising young attorney of Beaver, was a visitor in Bellefonte on Friday.

J. W. Gephart, Esq. returned on Saturday evening from a three day's business trip to Philadelphia.

Miss Kate Steinkirchner who has been visiting friends in New York, returned to her home in this place on Thursday evening.

Mr. Daniel Howard, who has been confined to the house for the past month with rheumatism, we are glad to say, is able to be out again.

Judge A. O. Furst departed this morning for an extensive tour through the west. He will journey as far as the Pacific coast. May he have a pleasant journey.

Miss Maud Reynolds, of Lancaster arrived in Bellefonte Saturday evening and is the guest of her uncle, Major William F. Reynolds at his handsome residence on Linn street.

Thursday evening was Prof. George N. Brandon's last evening as pianist in the opera house and the music of Thursday evening seemed to be unusually fine. George will depart for New York within the week, where he goes to engage in business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Spangler will soon depart for a temporary residence in Hastings. This move is made so that Mr. Spangler may be present to give his large coal mining interest his undivided attention. We trust they may soon re-consdier and return to Bellefonte.

Mr. Alfred Thompson, wife and child, of Snow Shoe, were in Bellefonte this morning on their way to visit Mrs. Thompson's parents in Huntingdon. Mr. Thompson has just recovered from a severe attack of fever and thought a change of scene would do him good.

Mr. J. Miles Kephart will depart about the 10th of October for quite an extended tour of the South and West. He will first take his wife to Pittsburg to vi it friends. From there he will go to Washi gton, then Roanoke, Va., down to Tallapoosa, Ga., Birmingham, Ala,, probably New Orleans, then up to and through Kansas and Nebraska to St. Paul, Minn., and east through Chicago home. We wish Mr. Kephart a pleasant journey.

J. W. Gephart, Esq, the law partner of ex Governor Beaver, of Bellefonte, and counsel for and able manager, with Robert Valentine, of the Centre county iron works was here between trains on his way to Philadelphia on Wednesday night and lunched at Con. Jacob's. Mr. G. is one of the brightest young men in this State as well as one of the most practical. He is besides being a fine lawyer, a firstclass job and newspaper printer, and is a graduate of the Bellefonte *Watchman* office and Princeton college.—L. H. *Democrat*.

Mr. John H. Youngman, who for five years has been doing editorial work on the *Democratic Watchman*, of this place, on Tuesday morning severed his connection with that paper and in the afternoon shook the dust of Bellefonte from his feet and departed on the two o'clock train for the Quaker city, where his estimable better half has been sojourning for some time. Mr. Youngman came to Bellefonte from Philadelphia in 1886, during the Beaver—Black campaign, just when editor Furey went to Lock Haven to take charge of the Democrat, and ever since that time he has been presenting the readers of the *Watchman* with good, wholesome editorials on all the leading issues of the day, national, state and local. He is a forcible, clear and concise writer and his resignation from the editorial staff of the *Watchman* leaves a vacancy that will be hard to fill. Mr. Youngman worked hard during his stay in Bellefonte and he now intends taking a rest for several months and then it is likely he will again take to writing on some one of the numerous papers in Philadelphia, as we understand he has a number of very good offers under consideration.

—With a view to political bunkum Governor Pattison has calle an extra session of the State Senate for the purpose of impeaching Auditor-General McCamant and State Treasurer Boyer. Such bosh.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

PROGRAMME OF THE STATE CONVENTION OF THE UNION IN WILLIAMSPORT.

The 1,463 Christian Endeavor societies that won for Pennsylvania the badge banner at the national convention held in Minneapolis, will hold their fifth annual state convention in the First Presbyterian church, Williamsport, October 6, 7 and 8.

On Tuesday evening there will be an address of welcome by Rev. Julius Herold, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

The convention sermon will be delivered on Wednesday morning by Rev. J. T. McCrory, pastor of the Third United Presbyterian church, Pittsburg.

On Wednesday afternoon six simultaneous conferences on lookout, prayer meeting, junior, missionary and temperance work will be held.

Wednesday evening will be devoted to three addresses upon the general theme "Christian Endeavor and the Evangelization of the World," subdivided into city evangelization, national evangelization and foreign evangelization. These addresses will be given by Rev. Frank Russell, D. D., one of the secretaries Evangelical Alliance, Rev. D. J. McMillan, D. D., secretary Presbyterian Home mission board, New York, and Rev. Emerson K. Young, D. D., pastor of Grace M. E. church, Philadelphia.

Thursday evening Mr. J. W. Baer general secretary of the united society, will deliver an address on "Young Men and the Christian Ministry."

Among other prominent persons who will take part in the convention will be Mrs. Alice May Scudder, who has charge of the junior department of the Golden Rule, Rev. John Beckley, Thomas Wells, Scranton, W. C. Fink, M. D. Springdale, and Rev. H W Behnez, Lancaster.

There will be several free parliaments on such topics as "Benefits of the Church, Actual and Possible, from the C. E. Movement," "The Method of Bible Study Best Suited to Our Societies," "How to Develop the Latent in Our Societies."

MURDERED FOR TEMPERANCE WORK.

ST. MARY'S, Sept. 22.—Excitement over the murder of Captain Herring at St. John's continue unabated. Your correspondent, in company with a detective from the city, visited the place to-day. The opinion of the detective, based upon facts disclosed by citizens, is that the captain was folluy murdered.

A few months ago the town went "dry" and Herring, it is said, was the main instigator of the local option bill, which generated illfeeling against him. Mrs. Heering, the murdered man's wife, was seen, and stated that on several occasions the Captain had been aroused from his sleep by some one prowling about the yard, and going out he fired his pistol in the direction from which the noise emanated to frighten away the intruders. The impression by the villagers, and is strengthened by the detective, that he was decoyed to the chicken coop by the murderer. The County Commissioners have offered a reward of $2,00.

WILL BE WITH US.

On Friday we will gladly welcome "O' Flynn in Mexico," and it will be some satisfaction to all of us to know that this is an entertainment that comes with the strongest endorsement of press and prominent public men, that originalty will shine supreme that the performers have been selected from a dramatic, comic and singing standpoint has been commended by the ablest critic, of the world. Nothing in the line of stage dressing and handsome decoration has ever been attempted, that is on a par with this beautiful production and we can only say that those who neglect to avail themselves of the opportunity to witness this marvelous performance will miss the greatest treat of the season. Remember the time, Friday evening in Garman's opera house. Seats now on sale at Garman & Lukenbach's gents furnishing store.

Grand millinery opening on October 2nd and 3rd, Friday and Saturday. I will exhibit the largest and best line of trimming and untrimmed hats ever opened in this country. I have Miss Boltier of New York, to assist me in trimming. I invite all to call and examine goods, styles, work and prices and compare with others.

SNYDER SISTER.

—At last the stand pipe is up. All the connections were completed on Saturday afternoon and the water turned in The advocates of the stand pipe now proclaim it a great advantage. They say it more than increases the flow of water on reservoir hill. Undoubtedly; but contrary to what some of them aver, we fail to see any difference in the flow on Curtin or Lamb streets.

For Summer Cookery

Royal Baking Powder will be found the greatest of helps. With least labor and trouble it makes bread, biscuit and cake of finest flavor, light, sweet, appetizing and assuredly digestible and wholesome.